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The Royal Poinciana, at Lake Worth

## IN THE FLORIDA RESORT-LAND

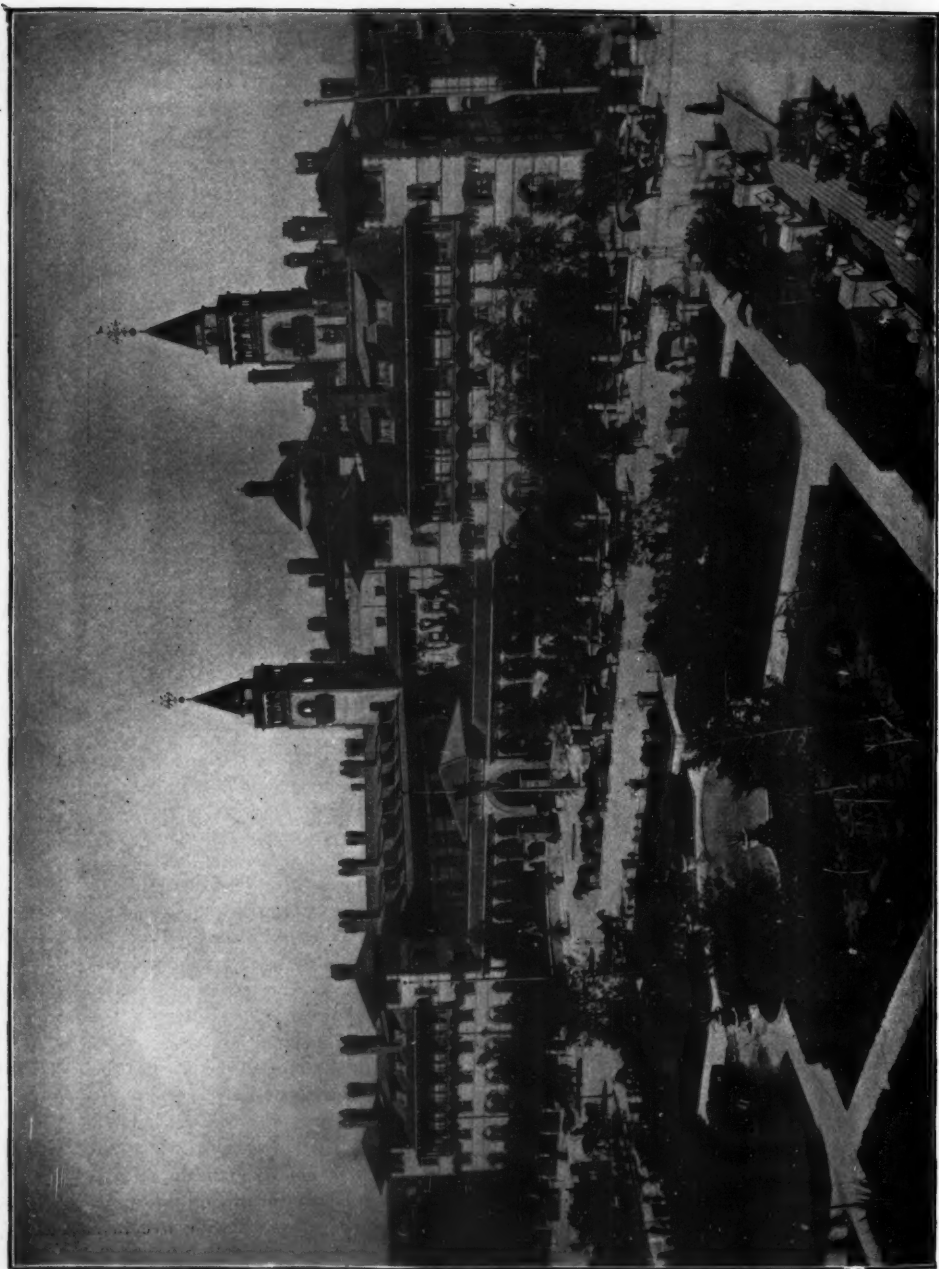
BY ARTHUR WINSLOW TARBELL



Spanish chevalier of romance, Juan Ponce de Leon, did a very excellent day's work when, credulous of an Indian girl's story, he set sail for the fountain of youth, whose fabled waters should stay the devastating march of time. Of course, I am very well aware that a few centuries have slipped away since that bright Palm Sunday morning of discovery, and I am also cognizant of the fact of American press and progress, yet now and again I like to claim a potential relationship between the beginning and the end and thus unite perhaps only imaginarily, the old and the new. In this instance I would confer

upon Ponce de Leon the honor of establishing a very commendable fashion—the practice of Floridian pilgrimages.

One likes to contrast the first step with the last. For the first, our imagination pictures to us somewhere in the Florida of long ago a smooth, white beach, the coming of a stately ship, and the pomp and glory of a maiden landing. "Like glimpses of forgotten dreams" we see the glitter of arms, the bearing aloft of gold and scarlet banners and the flashing of the cross in the sunlight. Such was the aspect in the sixteenth century, and the offspring of this birth in the nineteenth is what? No stately ship, no courtly grandeur, no glamour of romance thrown on the scene, you may be very sure. We live in a more prosaic age and our pilgrimages today befit themselves to the times. Instead of all this we have what is tersely



The Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine

termed "The Flight of the Florida Special," whereby the Aladdin of the present century whirls us away from our Northern homes, and twenty-four hours after a grateful farewell to New York's sleet and snow, drops us amid the sunshine and summer of that quaint city of St. Augustine. And when once here one finds the name and spirit of Ponce de Leon to be so very much alive as to give at least a seeming semblance to the relationship I suggest.

To travelers who choose rather to make their pilgrimages by sea the "Florida Special," notwithstanding its speed, can offer no inducements. The highway of travel in such instances is on the staunch steamers of the Savannah Line, affording a voyage along our Atlantic coast that stands unrivaled.

The modern tourist, terminating the "flight" above mentioned, enters the "land of flowers" through the gateway of St. Augustine. It was Jacksonville that formed the Mecca of the Southern pleasure pilgrim not many years ago. Here he enjoyed her fine shell drives, her dream-like sails on the beautiful St. John's and her engrossing social life in the then unequalled hotels, without a thought but what the terms Florida and Jacksonville were synonymous. But things have moved on apace since then. Today the traveler, unless he be a somewhat conservative or unusually thorough one, limits his acquaintance with this city to a change of cars, a depot sandwich or two and a cup of indifferent coffee, and then, drawn on in the migratory sweep southward, makes his first real stopping place at St. Augustine.

One's approach to the oldest city in the United States is pretty apt to be characterized by two antagonistic considerations; the bodily one of a very uncomfortable and dusty appearance as to wearing apparel, and the mental one of a very chaos of preconceived impressions as to things expected. There has always been such an irresistible charm and romantic interest lingering about St. Augustine that the spell of its in-

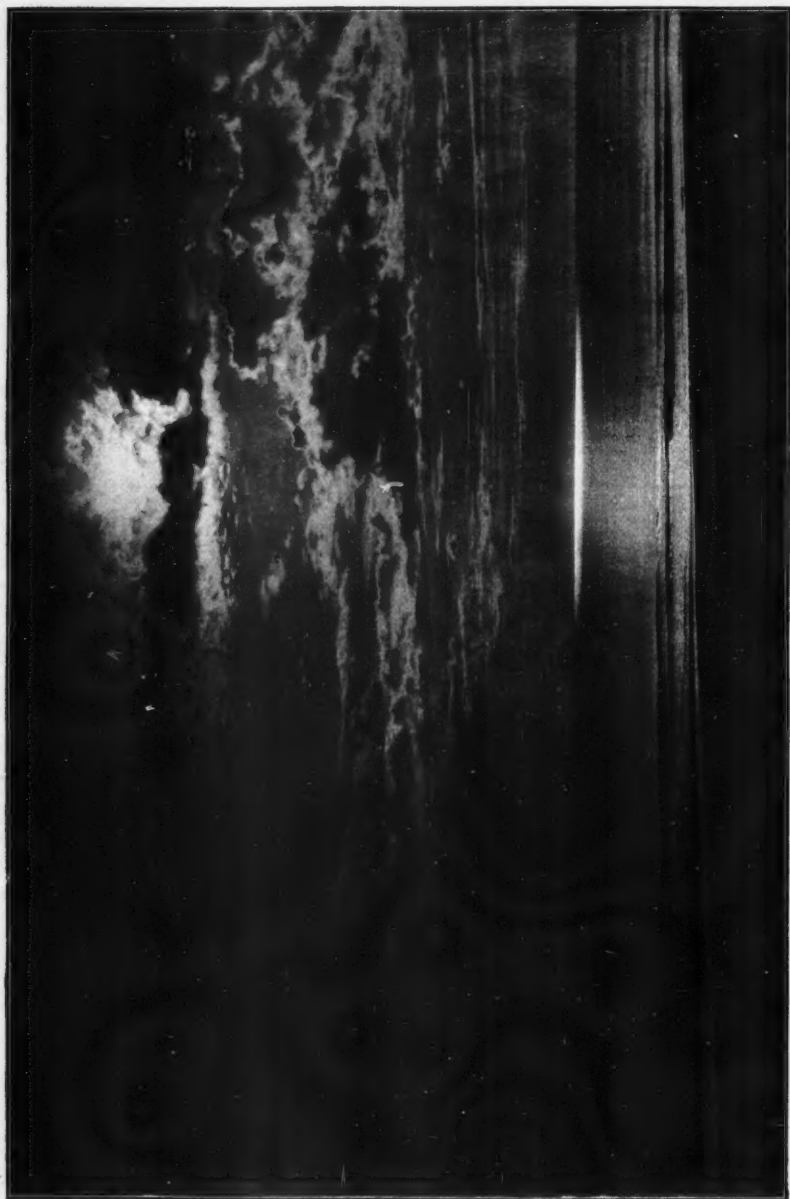
fluence reaches one long before the occurrence of personal proximity. Flitting through the hazy by-ways of our imagination one seems to catch elusive glimpses of picturesque vistas, of Spanish beauties casting amorous glances from overhanging balconies, and of the martial tread of arms as some gallant cavalier moves along the narrow streets. For myself, I must confess I was not wholly free from such fanciful vagaries, but I hasten to add that on my actual advent in the town all these things were for the moment rudely dispersed. The modern competitive element in American life is altogether too potent a factor to be denied entrance anywhere, even in antique St. Augustine. My descent from the train steps was followed by a feeling that I had been relieved, most expeditiously, of my grip, umbrella, overcoat and a coin of the realm. I was strongly tempted to tell the brass-buttoned individual to go ahead and help himself, but I withheld for some fitter opportunity.

I was particularly engaged at that time in trying to interpret the babble of porters' and hucksters' voices that filled the air and in avoiding being annihilated by certain swiftly and erratically moving luggage trucks. But at last I reduced chaos to cosmos and suffered myself to be kidnapped by the most respectable of the many applicants. And so I, a being of today in the land of yesterday, made my advent in the "Ancient City" to the tune of some very modern accompaniments.

Once fairly quartered in the city of the country first built, "and last improved," the striking charms of the spot, momentarily dispelled on arrival by the clamor of hotel vehicles, begin to return to one's appreciation. There is, first of all, that princely hostelry into whose realm of hospitality you have been ushered by a score or more of liveried personages. Of the Flagler group of Spanish-Moresque palaces, which for the past eight seasons have made St. Augustine the "Winter Newport," nothing scarcely can be said at this late day

Student's Christian Association,

Not to be taken from the room.



A Memory of a Florida Night Ormond Beach



that is not already widely known. The world is generally aware at what fabulous expenditure of money they were erected and how a sojourn there is the nearest we moderns can hope to come towards living the life of a prince in some glorious castle of the middle ages. Of the imposing proportions of these

these huge caravansaries. It is for these who annually register in the Flagler system of hotels to the number of 30,000 that the eight magnificent hostleries along the Florida East Coast have been erected at a cost of millions of dollars and maintained with a retinue of servants numbering



The Winter Home of the Black Bass

masses of architectural beauty, of the luxury of their interior embellishments, of the adjacent gardens that forecast paradise, and of the lordly manner in which their affairs are conducted, even the most stay-at-home person is fairly well conversant.

But all these riches of marble halls, of great domes, of mirrored salons, of frescoed ceilings and mosaic floorings, of lofty towers resplendent with multi-colored electric lights, and courtyards filled with blossoming flowers, graceful palms and musical fountains, would count as nothing were it not for the ever-changing tide of pleasure pilgrims who halt for a time within the walls of

1,500. And it is for these also that Florida itself wakes up for three months of the year to receive the nourishment to lapse back into its dormant state for the other nine. For, since the freeze of '94, things have not been at their best in the South-land and a livelihood must be had at any crook.

By the middle of February the flood-tide of the season is reached at St. Augustine as well as elsewhere in the "American Riviera." Scenes characteristic of our Northern watering places, Newport, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor, are repeated here with but slight Southern variations. Abroad on the Alameda the brightly garbed

throngs pass and repass with a nod and a smile, as if there were nothing more to live for than a stroll or a drive beneath such a limpid blue sky as occurs only in Florida. The society girl, now in her Southern flight after a fitting migration along the coast from Lakewood, Old Point and Asheville, here contents herself as best she can with reading and wheeling, impatient for the return of the Northern season. For men are scarce here, too scarce for even a mediocre enjoyment of life. So a morning run along the "Shell Road" or out to "South Beach" is perhaps the most eventful feature of the day, unless it be the inspection of the new arrivals, a desultory circuit of the golf links or the reading and answering of one's mail. It is unfortunate that such is the case, for surely there can be but few spots in the world so well calculated for the play of sentiment as St. Augustine. But I pause at the mere suggestion, as I feel myself on uncertain ground.

Of the sources of amusement other than wheeling—which, by the way, has so cast its spell over the Southern resorts as to embrace humanity from the babe out of long clothes to the pater and mater familias into short ones—the regular catalogue would include perhaps innumerable drives behind a very communicative colored driver, a morning plunge in the swimming pool to the accompaniment of a military band, a bit of fishing or sailing on the sunlit Matanzas River, an occasional hour of shopping among shops, the curiosities of which would shame Dickens' creation, and last—what really, I take it, ought to come first—the enjoyment of three meals per diem, where it is a toss-up whether you will choose diamond-back terrapin à la Maryland for an entrée or aile de volaille, sauce demi deuil. You see, I merely mention these indigestibles to show how short-lived those French concoctors of the rear of the house would make us if they had their way. And in addition to all this, an inspiring bit of sight-seeing is to stroll down to the "Barracks" at evening-fall,

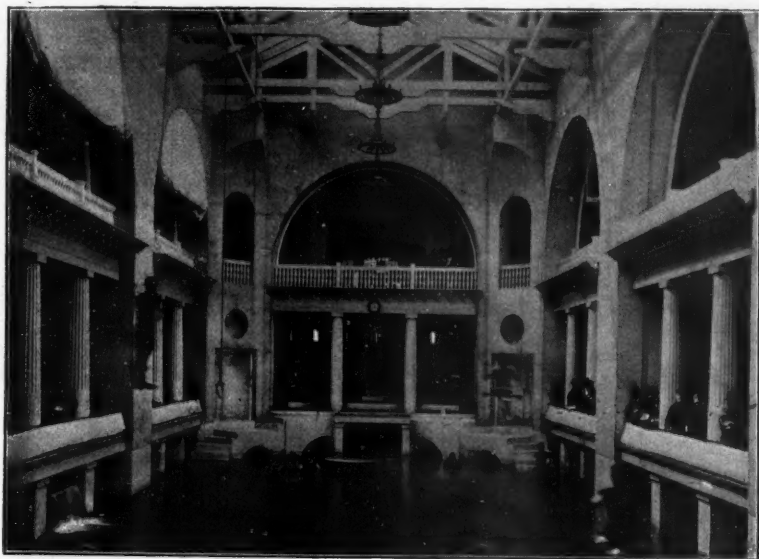
and if you are sensitive, stop up your ears while one of Uncle Sam's faithfuls jerks the cord of the sunset gun and forthwith floats earthward the Stars and Stripes. Of course, it goes without saying that such old favorites as Fort Marion, the Gateway, the Artist's Studio and Anastasia Island should be visited at least once a week. For the evening, provided there is no momentous function in the Ponce ballroom, nor anything in the way of an entertainment booked in the Casino—which is seldom—there is nothing so correct as to lounge around the rotundas, and while the orchestras wander off among dreamy creations of Mendelssohn, Schubert or Beethoven, hold a book before your eyes as a ruse, and then wander off yourself among some of those old sweet visions of the long ago that we catch sometimes trailing their robes through the summer twilight of our memories. But I grow extravagant; a pardonable error, perhaps, since in Florida everything is so extravagant. And then there are a countless number of excellently designed nooks and corners, but I have not the heart to disclose their secrets.

I would not wish my reader to believe for an instant that this is the only side of the picture, that the cost of living and enjoyment is only such in Florida as to bring them within the privilege of the millionaire. It is quite true that some fairly respectable tariffs are levied on persons of exacting tastes, and that the clerk of one of the large hotels has not the least objection in the world to your choosing a room with adjuncts rating at fifteen dollars a day or a bridal suite commanding fifty dollars for the same length of time. These are really commendable prices, but not a circumstance when in addition a man so far forgets himself as to bathe, wine, smoke, drive, follow the balls over the green cloth or chance to have a wife of shopping inclinations, or some friendship in the North which prompts him to present, in place of the regulation baby alligator, one of those dainty innumerable adorned with the shield of Ferdinand

and Isabella. In some cases things go even further in their exactions. I remember reading in one hotel from the printed covenant tacked on my bedroom door that dogs would be charged at the rate of seven dollars a week, and

at dinner; but I question if he should properly weep over the omission.

So, you see, Florida is far from being a monopolized country place solely on the face of the earth for men who have "made their piles." And of the two



The Sulphur-Water Swimming Pool, St. Augustine Casino

not allowed in the hotel. Just where the canine guests were furnished with entertainment, or just what enjoyment of them their owners secured, I was not able to find out.

All this necessarily demands an exchequer replete with notes of four figures, and yet I am willing to believe that fully one-half of the Southern tourists "do" the country at a much more respectable limit. In fact, for every large hotel in a place there are at least a score of smaller ones, where hospitality can be obtained at anywhere from five to fifteen and twenty dollars a week, and that not of a crude nor uncivilized sort either. In such surroundings one might perhaps be asked to forego the choice of a dozen meats at breakfast or a saddle of venison, sauce gleugare,

classes, who shall say which derive the keenest enjoyment from their sojourn in the tropics?

From St. Augustine the accepted king's highway of travel is southward some fifty miles, along the east coast to Ormond-on-the-Halifax.

Of Ormond, and of its quiet and restful hotel, I can truthfully say that there was not another spot in all Florida where I made my advent with so much pleasure and my parting with so much regret as here. I did not find there any towering masses of Spanish Renaissance architecture, nor any of that magnificence of life, at times unwinning, that characterizes some of the other resorts, but I found instead a rare inn of little pretension and much hospitality, that set like a jewel in a ring of green-sward

and palmetto groves. And this ring encircled a finger-like peninsula of land that runs parallel to the Florida coast and is only narrowly separated from it by the loveliest of waters, the Halifax River. Over this stream, abounding to the fisherman's joy with sea trout, channel bass and sheepshead, there has been built by the worthy enterprise of the

on which only the Queen herself ought properly to ride. But evidently no such sentiment moves the masses, if I may judge from what daily occurs on this famous Ormond beach. The boulevards and parkways of our Northern cities may be all very superb, but one spin on that reach of sand, amid those gliding caravans of modern Pegasuses,



The Ormond, at Ormond-on-the-Halifax

little Ormond village a half-mile bridge, with an alluring prospective. Across this bridge there travels to and fro the most unofficial and back-dated one-horse tram, the obliging driver of which has not the least objection to your stepping off for a moment to speak with a friend and then resume your journey. On the opposite border of this finger of land the tourist in his ramble comes upon a beach, the counterpart of which he must needs travel the world over for many a weary round before his search is ended. Hard as adamant, smooth as a polished surface and seemingly broad as all creation, it stretches away for miles on either hand, until one verily, from a cyclist's standpoint, thinks he has discovered at last the strandway

forever renders tame all past and future experiences. And this spot at eventide, on a moonlight night, perchance—was there ever such a place for strollers by the scores, or, more properly by the twos, as this shore, where one's whispers are precluded, interluded and postluded by the throbbing surf while the waves tumble inward?

Of Ormond's other charms I have as distinct a recollection as of this. I remember it is famous first of all for its drives, made the more pleasurable because of the painstaking conversion of the surrounding roads from almost impassable sand tracks to hard marl and shell thoroughfares. These drives are invariably through a country as rich and typical in vegetation as Florida can any-

where boast. Each has some objective destination. It may be the "Chimneys," probable ruins of sugar plantations in the days of Spanish occupation, or it may be the river drive to the plantation "Number Nine," an idealized spot, where grows under the tenderest of care every conceivable sort of fruit or flower, the genial and visitor-welcoming host of which has been dubbed by some facetious friend "The Lord of Number Nine." It was here that I tasted some of the very best guava jelly that ever passed my lips, a product made on the spot and shipped abroad in larger quantities than those that find their way to unfilled corners of tourist trunks. And then there are the steam-launch trips on the Halifax and Tomoka rivers, occasions, all of them, of the merriest picnics, with the possible variation of a fishing run to "Thompson's Creek," the winter home of the black bass. Nor should the orange groves be forgotten. Not to revel in one of these is not to be prepared to properly meet that eagerly asked Northern question, "And did you really eat oranges off the trees?" But oranges in the South are not eaten, my friend; they are sucked, or, rather, not eaten only at some hotel table, where you are rebelliously adherent for the nonce to etiquette's demand. They are sucked before the rising of the sun and after the going down thereof; and they are sucked exceedingly bountifully. They are sucked as a business, as a pleasure, in single instalments or as a wholesale slaughter. If there was any one observation I made on my Southern sojourn it was that the sucking of oranges is the modern discovery for the fountain of youth. Should the ghost of Ponce de Leon chance to point his ship's prow Florida-ward in these latter days, he would straightway, on his landing, begin sucking oranges and forthwith forget his visions of fabulous waters.

Leaving Ormond-on-the-Halifax, as I am sure every traveler must, with the best of recollections, I followed the trend of ruling travel southward along

the coast to the next resort-spot of note at Palm Beach, on Lake Worth. The train, for stretches, speeds through acres of fields devoted to the cultivation of "pines," as the pine-apple is termed. Orange groves also are frequent, just undergoing a resurrection after the '94 freeze," although signs of that devastation are still to be seen on all sides. The terrible extent of this ruin can hardly be appreciated unless one finds himself actually on the spot. It is estimated that on those two single nights of the winter of 1894, one in January and one in February, all Florida was laid low to the extent of \$150,000,000, and all industry and the brightest of prospects blighted. And yet no cry of want nor appeal for Northern aid ever went forth from the land. It is little to be wondered at that the two ever-recurring phrases in one's conversation with a native are "before the freeze" and "after the freeze." They characterize tersely the suffering of many a life.

Of the general agricultural conditions of Florida I am not enough of a connoisseur to speak with authority. To my Northern eyes, accustomed to rich lands capable of raising grass and grain, the beautifully barren soil of unfertile aspect did not make me wildly enthusiastic towards persuading my friends to take up a South-land homestead. I am not sure that I saw all I ought to, or that beyond admitting the region an incomparable one for orange and pine-apple culture, I ought not to vouchsafe it some prospects in other directions; but I am very certain that I saw prevalently about me a very superior quality of fine white sand that succeeded in uplifting at rare intervals a species of rank grass of a coarse and stunted growth, and that my eyes occasionally met with enterprises which looked suspiciously as if they had started in the seed and finished there also. And I noticed, furthermore, entirely irrelevantly, I assure you, that the "crackers," i. e., Florida natives, were a sparsely-built and somewhat cadaverous appear-



ing people, that the cattle succeeded marvelously well in out-lining their skeletons through their skins, and that the crows deemed it advisable for their welfare to check their growth at one-half the size of their Northern brethren. If this be treason—prosperity, I mean—make the most of it.

At Palm Beach, on Lake Worth, the traveler finds himself in the middle of January getting up in the morning and consulting the thermometer to see if the heat is too excessive to permit his taking a five-minute constitutional in the

ing accentuated. This at Lake Worth is the piece de resistance, as the social life is at St. Augustine, the driving at Ormond, and as yachting will be at Miami. Throughout the winter season there is never a day but what surf-bathing can be indulged in, although the salt-water swimming pool adjacent to the hotels is the choice of the multitude. Of the sailing on Lake Worth enough cannot be said, and for that reason I do not venture the start. Blue-fishing in the lake claims a goodly number of devotees, and it is said that there

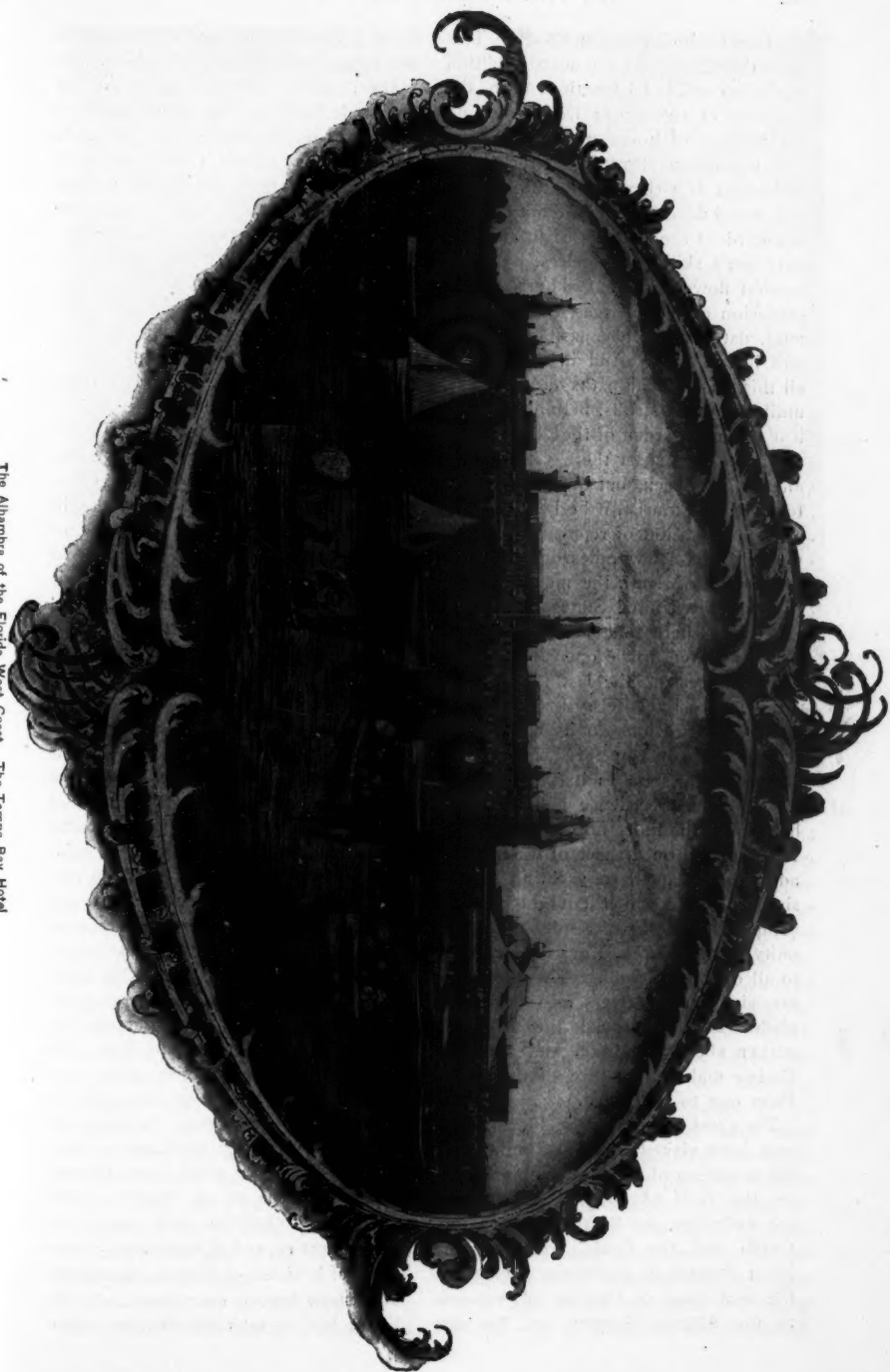


The Auditorium at the Tampa Bay Casino

sun. Here again, as in St. Augustine, one finds two more of those magnificent hostelryes of the Flagler system, the Royal Poinciana and Palm Beach Inn, the former one of the largest hotels in the world, having something like eight hundred rooms and an accommodation capacity of nearly twelve hundred guests. The Inn, itself a completely appointed hotel of no mean size, serves as an overflow for the larger resort. At this spot occurs approximately the same list of attractions as at other places, with perhaps the bath-

ing good shark-fishing outside in the ocean. In this I did not participate, as I found work enough avoiding certain species of land sharks to care greatly for further dealings with their water prototypes. But this is irrelevant. One finds that wheeling holds the same sway over Palm Beach as elsewhere, and it is well, for the only other means of locomotion handy is the hotel livery system of push-chairs. I was informed that neither horse nor mule was to be found on the peninsula. Another entertainment of note, one recently formed, is

The Alhambra of the Florida West Coast. The Tampa Bay Hotel

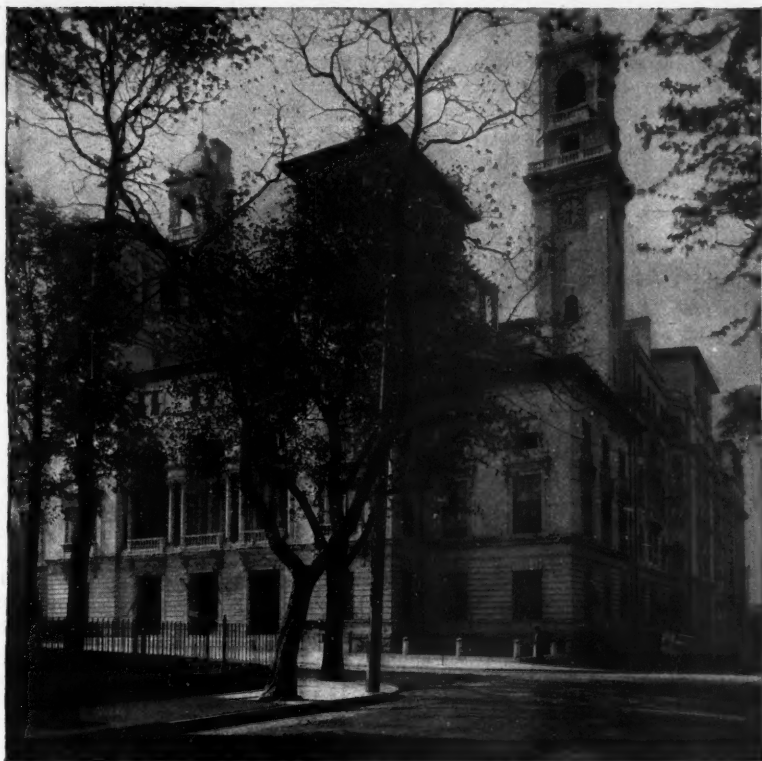


the Gun Club clay pigeon shoots. This with the above and the usual addition of Casino and hotel functions keeps the majority of sojourners from counting the passage of hours on their fingers. The vegetation surrounding the Royal Poinciana is richer, if anything, than that found northward. The out-stretching gardens are marvels of luxury and gardener's skill. Oleanders, hybiscus, passion flowers, bloom and burst amid a profusion of rubber-trees, royal poincianas, date palms, bananas, orange, fig and lemon trees. And in and out of all this wealth wind paths and by-paths, until one, as he strolls, bethinks himself lost in some garden of the gods.

On the east coast there yet remains, after Palm Beach, but one more resort to which the tourist, if he be guided by any consideration of repayment, should travel. It is a few miles distant along the coast to Miami, the most southern point in the United States reached by rail. It is here that Mr. Flagler has just completed, to be open for the first time this season, the last jewel in his string of costly hotels. From a hasty visit, even previous to its completion, I see no reason why this ideal spot on Biscayne Bay should not speedily claim for itself the precedence and name that belongs to the more northern localities. It is situated on a sheet of water more admirably adapted to yachting than a similar spot to which it might be aptly compared, the Bay of Naples. A proximity to the Florida Keys renders trips to all of them possible. The additional canoeing on the rivers into the Everglades and the social life that will gather about the hotel and the new Casino make the future of the Royal Palm one to be envied.

The great resort spots of Florida have now been visited with the single notable exception of the Tampa Bay Hotel, on the Gulf of Mexico. This, with the Belleview, the Seminole, the Punta Gorda and the Ocala, constitute the Plant System of hosteleries which, on the west coast of Florida, corresponds to the Flagler System on the east

coast. The Tampa Bay Hotel itself is the king-pin of the group, and, for that matter, takes precedence with the Ponce de Leon as two of the grandest structures on the face of the earth. At Tampa Bay one finds a hotel and park than which there is not a more palatial nor more beautiful one to be seen anywhere. The entrance into these surroundings has been often and fitly termed an entrance into a bit of fairyland, and I can think of no other impression that strikes one more forcibly. It is not because more wealth has been expended here than on the east coast hotels, nor that as a resort it is any more perfect; but it is that at Tampa all efforts have been directed towards producing an absolutely different effect than can be discovered elsewhere in America, at least. Here the style of architecture is Moorish to the first and last degree. Moorish arches, with their delicate tracery, Moorish minarets and crescents of electric lights resplendent in mid-air, Moorish domes and Moorish furnishings contribute their influence upon the traveler until he believes himself in an Oriental palace of the Levant. Once inside, this feeling is heightened rather than diminished. The entire structure seems to be little else than a museum of costly and pleasing furniture. Paintings, statuary, cabinets and bric-a-brac, each of which represent some lavish expenditure, crowd in upon one as one moves from wonder to wonder. Nor does the fascination wane. You soon learn that within these walls have been collected some gems of the rarest nature. You seat yourself in the rotunda, and it is upon some divan that once graced the Tuileries salon, you stumble against a sofa or two, and you are informed they once belonged to Marie Antoinette; or, perchance a chair, that in its more salad days claimed Louis Philippe as an owner. From chamber to chamber you roam, and there seems no end of tapestries, of pictures, of bronzes, of flowers, of mirrors, of Eastern luxury everywhere. In the dining hall, a veritable banquet cham-



The Jefferson, Richmond, Virginia

ber of some potentate of the Orient, you find this regal splendor still existent. So puissant are the impressions of antiquity everywhere, and so great is the savor of Eastern luxury, that you are almost tempted at some becoming moment to taste your sirloin twice lest, perchance, that, too, might have graced the festive board of some Moorish monarch. And so on over this modern Alhambra you wander, expecting at every turn to come finally upon the throne chamber, where shall be seated in royal pomp the mighty sovereign himself, and where you must bow obedience with bended knee. But this does not occur; the sole break in an otherwise perfect illusion.

The traveler on his northern journey from the Florida country, anxious as

he is to reach its end, is nevertheless more than apt to break the monotony of a long ride by a few days' halt at Richmond, Virginia. He does this for two very sufficient reasons; first, because of the historical spots to be seen in and about the city, and, second, because in his round of lordly resort-hotels he does not care to render his itinerary incomplete by omitting The Jefferson. Severely taxed as his appreciative qualities may have been among the more Southern hostelries, he still finds sufficient praise to bestow upon so royal a creation. In these latter days of the nineteenth century there have been many noteworthy attempts toward erecting an American hotel that should represent everything in the way of American completeness,

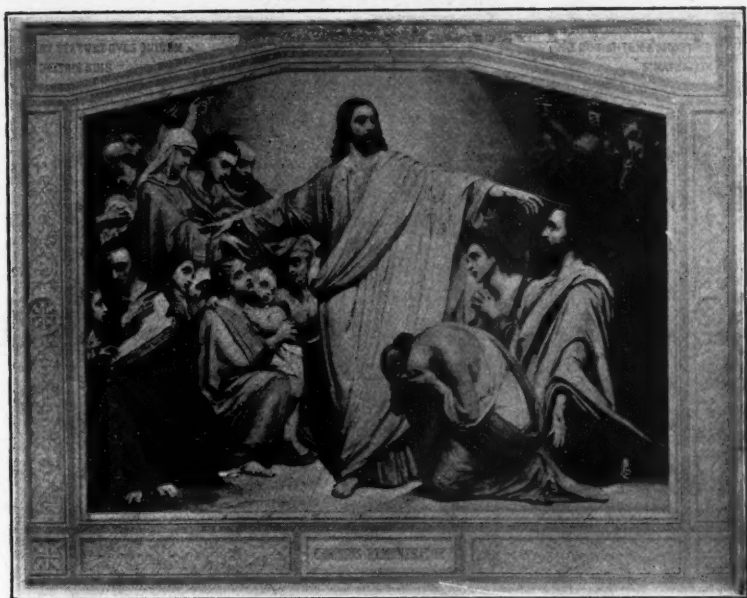
comfort and convenience, but no single result has met with such conspicuous fulfillment as The Jefferson. It is not in some respects a resort hotel, but becoming, as it has, a half-way break in the journey southward from New York to Florida, it provides in advance for the tourist every luxury that greets him at the Ponce de Leon or the Tampa Bay. Journeying northward it forecasts the pleasure and comfort of home. From here the tourist gratifies his sight-seeing propensities by innumerable and delightful excursions to the surrounding battlefields, to the relics of Revolutionary fame, and to the spots around which cluster so many associations of the Confederacy. And then, after the last place has been visited, and the South no longer counts you as its guest, the "Florida Special" reclaims you in its Northern flight and soon lands you once more in the midst of the busy metropolitan life.

A retrospection of a Florida sojourn is always a very profitable affair. It causes you to supersede to an alarming extent certain "before" impressions by certain "after" ones. But I take it that

no real enjoyment is lost thereby. It is merely the re-adjustment of one's spectacles. You simply pre-conceived Florida to be one vast sanitarium for the physically unfit, and, to tell the truth, you had difficulty in finding one person who had to be coaxed to take nourishment; you had various expectations of encountering gigantic alligators at every approach to the water, and the only one you saw was a diminutive caged one on some hotel grounds; you anticipated wading in oranges, and you were continually met with the reply: "You ought to have seen what we had here before the freeze"; you had vague hopes of catching a glimpse of some Spanish beauty on an overhanging balcony, and whenever your vision was directed balcony-ward you beheld instead some very unsightly and prosaic old "mammy" pulling away at a clay pipe. Under stress of circumstances I might increase this list, but I restrain. I do not care to be termed an iconoclast and thus be wronged. But when all is said, there is yet one thing that you cannot over-estimate in the Florida country, and that is its resort life.







Christ the Remunerator  
From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

## CHRIST AND HIS TIME\*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

### END OF PRIVATE AND BEGINNING OF PUBLIC LIFE

#### The Baptism of Jesus — The Temptations of Jesus

**B**UT John's was not a call to arms, not a call for national uprising.

With all the intensity of his single-purposed soul, he believed the Messiah to be at hand; but he had not only grasped the fact of this near advent; he had seen, with a vision piercing far deeper into prophecy than was possible to Sadducee or Pharisee, the Isaiah-picture of the "King in His beauty" and understood better than any other of his time the nature of Christ's coming. With Elijah's searching fearlessness and with something of that prophet's bitter gloom, he lays bare the sins of Israel, and with the deep fervor, the rich imagery of Isaiah, he colors the new

dawning and urges the people to prepare for it with that personal repentance and purity which all knew must usher in the Kingdom. This was to be a kingdom of righteousness and prosperity for the righteous only; for the King would come with the ax and winnowing-fan, and the worthless tree and the chaff would be destroyed by fire.

But John was a Jew, and his conception—grand beyond all who had been before him—was still Jewish. His Kingdom was a Jewish Kingdom, and its righteousness and prosperity strictly national. So widely did it differ from the universal Kingdom, as it appeared in Jesus, that John doubted at one time

\* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1876.



Joseph

From a Painting by E. Deger

whether Jesus was the One who should come or whether he should look for another.

Many who came to John's preaching were doubtless disappointed; many were angered; but many believed. He snatched the cloak of hypocrisy from the religious leaders and uncovered the violence, the corruption, the pride of high and low. He leveled the distinctions of race and blood and position; He accused, rebuked, warned and pleaded with his hearers with that courage, truth and force that silenced and convicted. He called them to repent and to

bring forth the fruits of repentance in lives of righteousness and purity; and then, as Moses had been commanded to prepare Israel for the first Covenant by a symbolic baptism of the people, so John would prepare them for the new Covenant of the Kingdom by the initiatory rite of a new baptism.

From the untenanted wilderness lying about the Dead Sea and the mouth of the Jordan, John had come up along the river as far as Bethabara, a place—as near as we can fix it, at one of the fords opposite Jericho—at the ford where the Israelites in that olden time



Head of Christ, from Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper"  
From a Drawing by Johannes Niesen after the Original

first crossed the Jordan into the Promised Land. Here he was baptizing, and here the eager crowds gathered to listen to his preaching.

It was the Sabbath year 779-780, and the people, free from agriculture and business, were at liberty to attend him. Driven by stress of circumstances, more hopeless than they had ever known before, and drawn by this prophet with the message, the appearance and the power of the prophets of old, the multitudes find in John a leader from their dark-

ness, confusion and despair, and follow him. Some even believe him the Messiah, though every burning ray of his preaching is focused on a Coming One, whose shoe latchet he is not worthy to loose.

He leaped into national religious leadership. His fame spread; his following continually grew. The autumn and early winter wore away, and still the prophet, with increasing faith and zeal unabated, continued to expect and to preach the approach of the Messiah.

Jesus had heard of His cousin's work long ere this. He knew the One whom John was awaiting was none other than Himself. The strong desire to be about His Father's business that woke within Him on His first sight of the Temple at the age of twelve and caused Him to forget all else that day, had been since that time the ruling passion of His life, but during these eighteen years of humble toil and earnest thought in Nazareth, the character of that business had

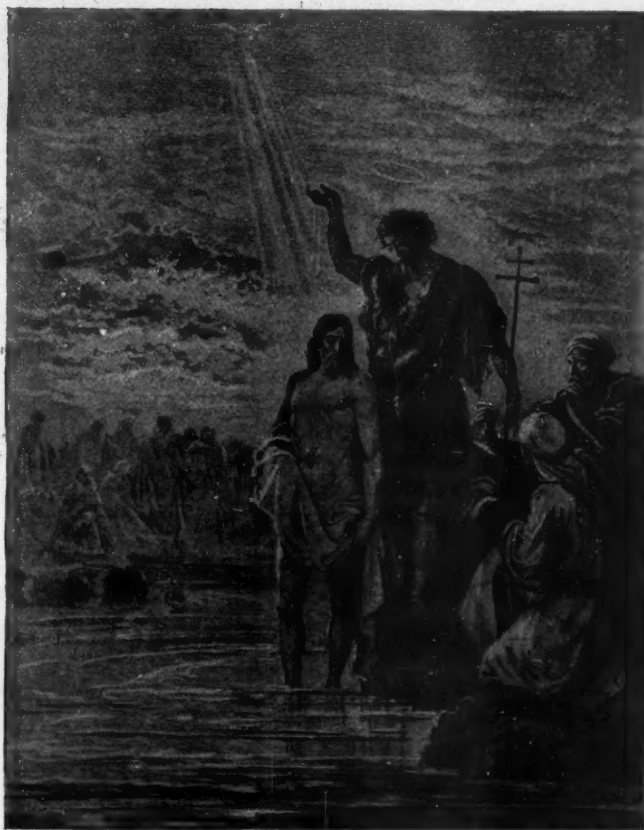
been growing clearer to Him, until now He fully realized that it meant the "Kingdom of Heaven" proclaimed by John. But still He lingered at Nazareth.

Thus the winter passed. The people were all baptized, but John still preached along the Jordan. January, 780 (27 A. D.), came, and now, at last convinced that John's preaching is of God, leaving Nazareth, Jesus comes to the Jordan to be baptized of John, that



"For thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness"

From a Painting by B. E. Murillo



"When, lo! from the cleft heavens a stream of celestial light wings its way,  
like a dove, and settles upon Him"

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

He may "fulfill all righteousness," and, in this last act of His private life, close the door on that life and open the way into His public life, the life of the Kingdom.

John and Jesus probably met alone, for Luke tells us "the people were all baptized," and it was the first meeting between them. They had heard of each other. They knew the circumstances attending each other's birth, but their lives, like their missions and their characters, had fallen far apart. Both devoted their lives to the Kingdom, but

one was the pioneer of the Kingdom, the other was in Himself that Kingdom; each spent thirty years in preparation for his great mission, but John must draw away from men, and, in the unbroken solitudes of the desert, learn of God; while Jesus, knowing the Father, must mingle with men as man, that He might be born of them; John came to his labor from the wilderness, Jesus came from the workshops of human Nazareth. Of what passed between the two men we know but little. It is another of those sacred silences sealing so much of their





From a Fresco in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, by Sandro Botticelli  
 "They stand together on the high tower from which the priest watches for the sun's first signal of the new day"

lives. At first John did not recognize Jesus as the Messiah. Daily did he look and pray for Him, but little did he expect the Prince of Israel to come to him.

It may have been morning on that January day. The winter sun was pour-

souls. John mused alone by the river's edge. It was upon the sin of Israel he was brooding, and his prayers were ascending with the incense-clouds of the river's mists that the Promised One might this day appear. Jesus stands on the bank above and descends to meet the



"He accused, rebuked, warned and pleaded with his hearers"

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

ing its flood of light into the dark defiles of the Jordan and gilding the ripples that murmured over the pebbles of the ford at Bethabara. The place was deserted save by those vocal silences, those unheard voices that dwell in deserts and speak in the wide chambers of prophetic

herald-prophet. Another coming for confession and baptism, thinks John, and his stern heart quickens as he rises to meet Him. But something in the stranger's appearance strikes and startles this rude, bold preacher of repentance; something that steals like awe over him.

He, before whom princes and priests trembled and confessed, looking upon the stainless manhood, the solemn majesty, the heavenly features of this man before him, feels the moral power of simple and perfect goodness, and himself trembles and confesses. His prophet's eye not yet discerns the Messiah; he sees only the perfect man, but before the Master can say a word, he yields to Him as the more worthy, and so far forgets his mission that he exclaims: "I

for He had no sins to confess, but He came that He might submit to every wish of the Father; that He might ratify the mission of John, and through this open door might enter the Kingdom and publicly consecrate Himself to His Father's business.

John leads Jesus unto the waters of the Jordan. And now the prophet is to receive the great witness that this is the Messiah, to whom later he is to bear record. Jesus comes from the baptismal waters praying, when lo! from the cleft heavens a stream of celestial light wings its way like a dove and settles upon Him, and through the rent veil of yonder Holy of Holies the Father's voice is heard to say: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."



"Peace be to this house"  
From a Painting by W. C. T. Dobson

have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?"

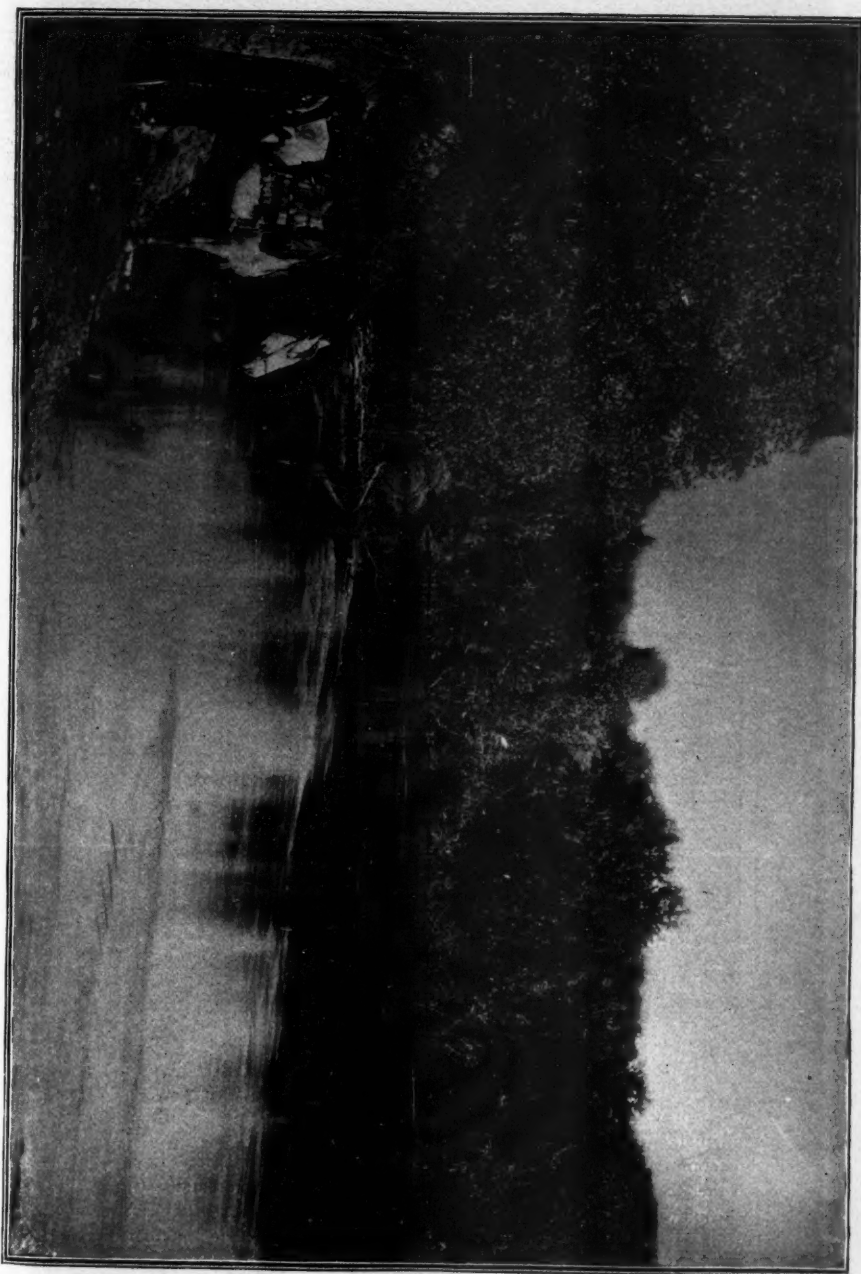
"Suffer it to be so now," answers Jesus, "for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

John was never to be baptized; he was not to enter this Kingdom, "for the least in the Kingdom were greater than he"; he was only to open the door unto the Kingdom, which door was this initiatory rite of baptism. Thus did Jesus come to the baptism, not that He had need of it as subsequent to confession,

#### THE TEMPTATIONS OF JESUS.

The descent of the Holy Spirit upon Jesus was like the burst of morning light upon the waking world. It illumined His soul. It flashed along His life's pathway, gilding with glory the ascent to the Mount of Transfiguration, piercing with a single ray the gloom that wrapped the descent to Golgotha, and revealing in distant outline the dark arms of the Cross against the whitening sky of the Resurrection Morn. The voice from Heaven was the approval of His hopes; the confirmation of His convictions; the seal to His purposes. He came out upon the bank of the Jordan in the full consciousness of His being, His powers and His mission. It was not a revelation wholly; it was rather the moment of perfect comprehension, and the tide of truth and purpose swept in such power over Him that He was driven into the wilderness, where He could be alone and in calmness think through the mighty mission for which He had that day been called and anointed by God.

It was into some part of the wilderness from which John had lately come that Jesus was driven by the Spirit. Tradition points to a bleak mountain—now called Quarantainia—a little west of Jericho, as the height from which the



The River Jordan

From a Photograph

Tempter showed Jesus the kingdoms of the world. Here, in this barren, featureless desert, this desolate, dreary waste, among the dens of wild beasts, Jesus wandered without food and alone for forty days.

The whole life of Jesus thus far had been a long fitting for His work as Messiah, but now, that the last step was taken and the infinite task loomed before Him, He was naturally driven backward, where, from a distance, as it



"The Tempter bears Jesus to the high peak of some lofty mountain"

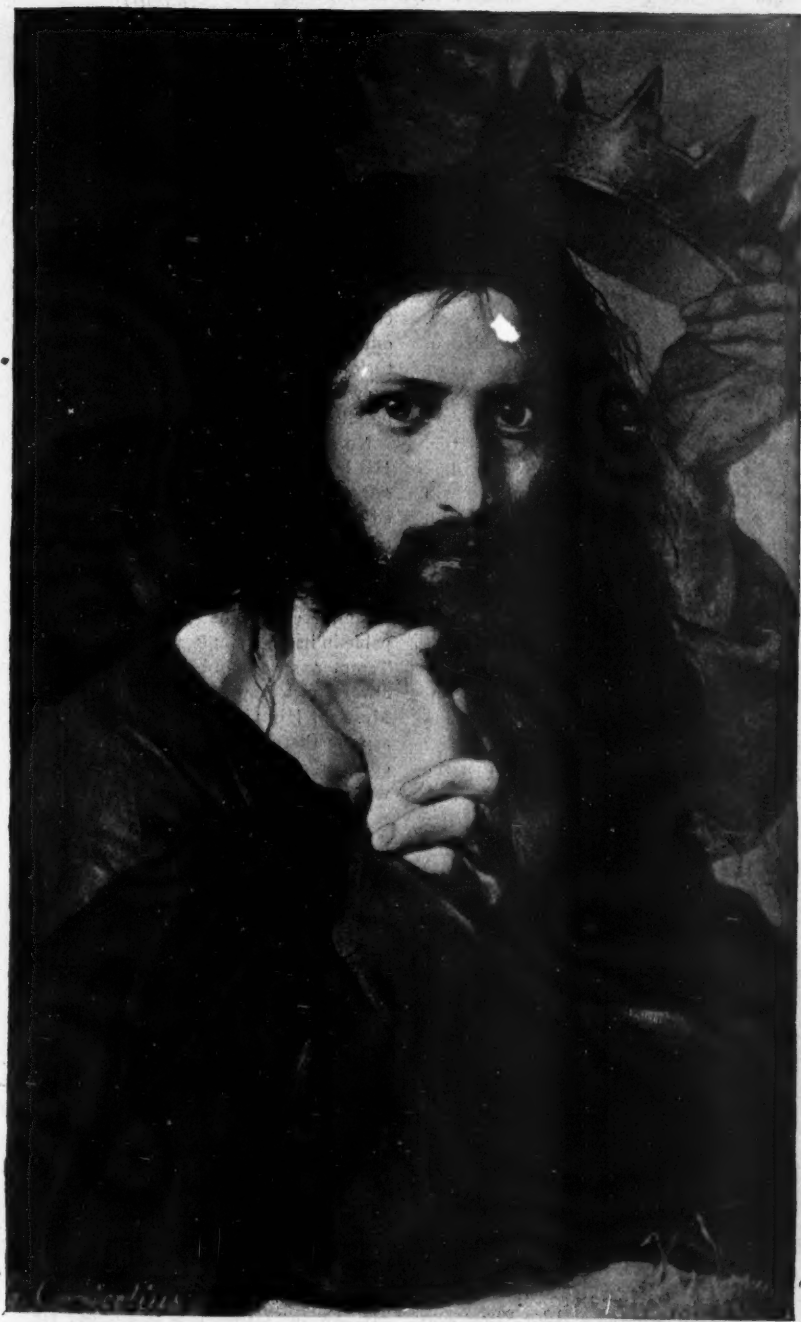
From a Painting by Gustave Doré

It was a prolonged period of mental and spiritual concentration and struggle, but commensurate with the magnitude of the work He realized lay before Him. Jesus went to the baptism in the Jordan of His own deliberate choice, but he was literally driven into the desert—as Mark graphically says—for these last days of special preparation.

were, He might see it in its true proportions; might measure His strength; and alone and uninterrupted might make ready with meditation and prayer.

But this was more than a period of meditation and prayer in final preparation for the work of the Kingdom. It was a period of real and intense struggle with temptation, the victory in which





From a Painting by G. Cornelius

"It is the moment of the Tempter's power"

was the inauguration of the Kingdom. Jesus consecrated Himself to the mission of the Kingdom in His baptism by John, but in His baptism by the Holy Spirit and the approval of Heaven, He was anointed to the Kingship of the Kingdom of Heaven, and, before that Kingdom could be established, He must of necessity meet in conflict and vanquish the Prince of the Kingdom of this World. Satan is that Prince, and in founding the Kingdom of Heaven here, Jesus was invading the domain of Satan, and as the second Adam, He must first conquer Satan, the enemy who overthrew the first Adam.

It was a real and terrible battle. Whether it was inward or outward, a subjective or objective reality, we will not stop here to consider. Through all the ages the doctors have disagreed, and we prefer to close with our own questionings on this vexed and unessential point, by believing that the reality was both inward and outward, for in a nature perfect as was that of Christ, and at a time of such intense spiritual consciousness, who can draw the line between subjective and objective reality? But the great essential here is that the struggle was real and powerful and personal, and that the victory was decisive and all important to Christ and the Kingdom and its subjects forever.

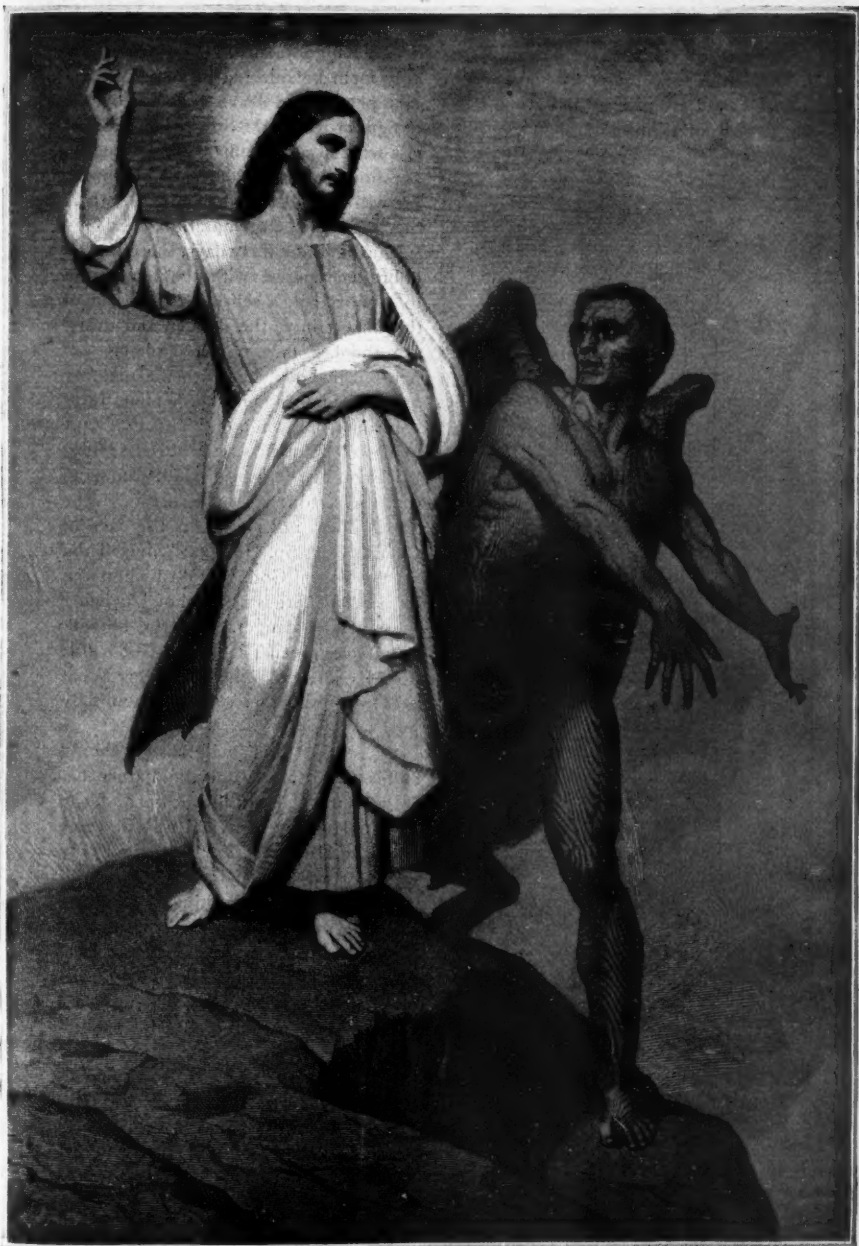
But how could Jesus, the perfect and sinless man, the Son of God, be tempted of the Devil? That He was so tempted all the Gospels teach and every Christian believes, but how was He tempted? we are forced to ask. Was Jesus capable of sin? We believe our Lord was sinless, but would it add one whit to His Divinity, would it be in any wise more reverential, more worshipful, to say He was incapable of sin; that it was divinely impossible for Him to sin? No. But it would, on the other hand, detract from His humanity, it would entirely rob Him of His humanity; it would make His whole life as man a hollow lie, and it would leave us without a living Saviour, without a High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our in-

firmities, "being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

If Christ could not sin, then the conflict with the Tempter in the wilderness was only the semblance of battle; His victory was a mere sham, and His captivity of our salvation a hopeless mockery. "If we have to fight the battle clad in that armor of human free will, which has been hacked and riven about the bosom of our fathers by so many a cruel blow, what comfort is it to us that our great Captain fought, not only victoriously, but without real danger, not only uninjured, but without even the possibility of a wound?"

No, Jesus was tempted as we are, and His human nature was as vulnerable as ours, but it was so inseparably connected with His divine nature that through all His life He was tempted, yet He never sinned. He took upon Himself our human nature as it was in the first Adam, free from the stain of sin, but capable in itself of sinning. He fought the Tempter as we fight him, but He fought always victoriously, and, as man and Messiah, His victory has this two-fold aspect: that as He conquered we may conquer, and that every victory of His was a victory for us all.

Throughout the seclusion in the wilderness, the Tempter was with Jesus, but he waited for his final and fiercest onslaught until Jesus, weakened by His long fast and wearied with His ceaseless mental strain, should be least able to withstand the attack. Day after day, in this lonely desert, Jesus had brought the whole future of His work in review before Him. He saw its beginning and its end; He fully realized His divine Sonship with God; He knew that all power and wisdom had been given unto Him in the gift of the Spirit; He knew the needs of Israel, their perverted views of the Messiah; He clearly saw that they would reject Him unless He came to them as they had determined He should come—an earthly King, subduing by force all other Kingdoms to His own; He saw the crown that might be; He saw the cross that would be, and He was



From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

"Behind Me, Satan! Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God,  
and Him only shalt thou serve"

tempted. Could He withstand Israel? Could He bear their scorn, their hatred? Could He be forsaken and denied of all men? Could He give up His life at last on a cross of agony and shame? But



"Satan is that prince"

From a Painting by A. J. Wierix

should He yield thus to despair and assert His own power? Should He yield to the popular desire and lead believing Israel from the Temple, call in the hosts of Satan and establish this Kingdom by outward means at once and universal? Or should He submit absolutely

to the will of God, plant the principles of the Kingdom in the hearts of a few holy men, be rejected and crucified by His people and leave the fate of the Kingdom to God? So the question of His temptation becomes, in essence, the question of His absolute submission to the will of God. And this is at bottom the question in all temptation.

Thus, in these forty days, there was an unbroken contest with the temptation to a short cut, a self-made path out of the uncertainty, the danger and delay. On the last day, now completely exhausted in body, but with the memory and imagination abnormally alive, Jesus confronts the Tempter. The Evil One comes to Him in subtle guise, saying: "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The Devil does not question the fact of Christ's Sonship. He says: "Since Thou art the Son of God, why dost Thou suffer here? There is no need of Thy being in want and danger. Use the miraculous power given Thee! It is God's gift; does He mean for Thou to suffer? What is Thy power for?" How cunningly put!

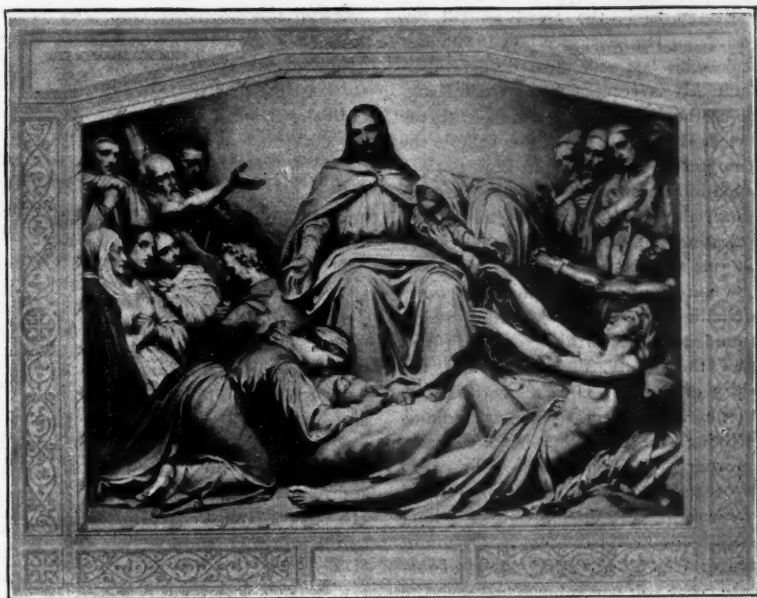
Was it then God's will that He should suffer thus? Had not the Father bestowed upon Him all power? Why should He then not yield to that voice and save Himself? For a moment only do the words seem fair. They end with a hiss. A thousand draping veils cannot hide the serpent from the piercing eye of Jesus, and He answers: "It is written: man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Through the Father, He had all power; power to turn these stones to bread; to supply all want; but had not the Father led Him hither? Was not this desert God's? Was not his hunger God-appointed? Then would not God support Him in the trial? Yes, and He would trust Him for food, and in the trusting He submitted, and in submitting He conquered.

Foiled in his first attempt, the Devil turns his defeat to its best possible advantage, and makes it serve as a feint

with which to throw his Opponent off His guard and open a way for a sure thrust home. This defeat gave him a clew to the spiritual mood of Jesus, and, adapting himself instantly and cunningly, he challenges this trust in God to the point of presumption, as a short cut for Jesus to the goal of the Kingdom.

The Tempter takes Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple in Jerusalem. They stand together on the high tower, from

soul. It is the moment of the Tempter's power. He whispers: "Now if Thou dost trust God, prove that trust, dare to rely upon it; cast Thyself down into the midst of Thy people here, who bow in prayer for Thy coming. Answer their petitions and by one bold miracle win all Israel and establish Thy Kingdom at once. Thou dost trust God? Is it not written"—quoting Scriptures for his authority, as Christ had done—"He hath



Christ the Consoler  
From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

which the priest watches for the sun's first signal of the new day. It is morning now and the multitudes are gathered for the daily worship. The clouds of perfumed incense are rising, laden with the murmur of Israel's prayers for their consolation that He might even then descend from Heaven to their midst. The sweet odor, upborne, floats in a cloud-wreath about the Messiah, and the murmur of the prayers falls like the fall of murmuring waters upon His thirsty

given His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up?"

For a moment the storm rages. In a lurid flash the dread picture of the future is again before Him. Once more He is rejected, spat upon, forsaken and in the agonies of death, while Israel derides. Once more the shadow of the Cross falls dark upon the way the Spirit points. Does the Father mean for His beloved Son to tread that path? Is not this fear



to cast Himself upon God, to trust the Almighty, and fulfill at once his mission, a doubt in God's power? What shouts would greet Him, what triumph, what glory would be His! But He knows the Tempter. He knows that to cast Himself from this height would not be trusting God, it would be wicked presumption, not God-directed, and would end in sin and death. And, again, submitting to the Father's will, he conquers, saying: "Thou shalt not tempt (presume upon) the Lord thy God."

Beaten back, the Devil is still undaunted. He has twice failed, but now makes his last and most desperate assault. It is conflict for eternal Kingdom; the Prince of Darkness with the Prince of Light. From the Temple the Tempter bears Jesus to the high peak of some lofty mountain. Not the Temple-court, not Jerusalem, not Judaea and Palestine, but the palaces, the cities, the nations and the seas of the wide world now unroll in splendor beneath them.

Sublime they stand, with vision bounded by the earth's great girth, and view the beauty, the power and the glory of the world. The world seems waiting at their feet. The vast sounds of living things, the thunder of cataract, the roar of metropolis, the long sweep of ocean, meeting, mingle in the upper air, and, like distant music, rolls round the blue dome above them in a hymn of praise; from ten thousand valleys of verdure come soft winds burdened with the perfume of flowers like sweetest incense; and, over all, the morning sun, high hung in heaven, pours down deep seas of richest gold. "'Tis all mine," says the Tempter. "Am I not worthy of praise? Son of God, one word from Thee, one word of rightful homage, and I make all Thine."

Satan's final and greatest effort! To hunger and pride he had appealed in

vain, and, staking all on this last thrust, seeks to pierce the armor of obedience with ambition and snaps his steel. The dazzling vision of the Kingdom of the world below Him—transcendantly more splendid to the eyes of the Perfect Man than to ours—pales and grows dim, for, lifting His gaze upward, the cloudy curtains that close before our mortal vision dissolve, and He catches the coming glory of the Kingdom of Heaven, and, turning to the cowering Tempter, commands: "Behind me, Satan! Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Obedient still, He conquers again, and the great victory is won.

Beaten now, the Evil One departed for a season.

"And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
Ruin, and desperation and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God."

From the dark battlements of that nether world Satan turned to look back upon the battlefield from which he had been driven, and lo! the "desert rejoices and blossoms like the rose," and as he gazes, angels, with the fruits of Eden, come winging their way from Heaven and minister unto Him, Who, "though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things He suffered."

"\* \* \* and as He fed, angelic choirs  
Sung heavenly anthems of His victory  
Over temptation and the Tempter proud."

So the triumph is Christ's, not through self-asserted power; not in yielding to popular Jewish dreams; not in calling the legions of Satan to His aid; but through perfect self-surrender; through absolute obedience to the will of God.

(To be continued.)

## BILLY BILLSON'S FIRE

By WINTHROP PACKARD

EVERY one in Puckanuck knew Billy Billson. But, then, everyone in Puckanuck knew everyone else in the village as a matter of course, and this acquaintance was by no means a limited one, bounded by a nod and a friendly greeting, but extended to every most minute detail of personal history, family relationship and present and prospective financial standing. Consequently everyone in Puckanuck knew that Billy was forty-two years old, an only child, a Democrat after the fashion of his father, now long dead, was born on Sunday, had leanings toward spiritualism, had been refused twice by Mandy Savels, who does not otherwise enter these chronicles, had an income of some three hundred dollars a year from his shoemaker's bench, which, while it did not exactly constitute wealth, meant a liberal competency in Puckanuck, was five feet three inches in diameter from pole to pole, and weighed two hundred pounds, his greatest parallel being the equator.

All day long Billy sat at his shoemaker's bench pegging away at his work and often whistling softly to himself. His repertory was not extensive, consisting, so far as we know, of "America" and "Lilla Dale," the first being reserved for occasions of state, while the last was his constant companion. At night he trotted off to the village store. I say trotted, though the word hardly describes his gait, which was a combined hitch and roll, a resultant of two composing forces, adipose tissue and rheumatism.

It was at the Puckanuck store that the plan of a fire company originated.

"Speakin' of rehabilitatin' the navy," said Billy, "we ought to have a fire company in Puckanuck. If the British was to bombard Bost'n a shell might

come over here, easy, an' set fire to suthin'."

"Thet's so," returned Hank Hanscome, "thet's so, but—" taking advantage of the rhetorical pause to illustrate the general principles of bombardment on the stove, "Lan's sake! Guvment could prevent that. What's the matter of a line of earthworks on Blue Hill?"

"Earthworks on Blue Hill? Where you goin' to get your earth? Their ain't earth enough up there to fill one of ol' Siv's shoes, to say nothin' of stoppin' cannon balls and sich. Besides, how you goin' to prevent them throwin' the shells high over the range? Suppose they make 'em describe a porobola?"

This last spiked Hank's guns. The shells might describe a "porobola," but he could not, and he held his peace.

"But," continued Billy, "we'd ought to have a fire company anyway. What's the use of the new engine if we don't?"

Everyone in Puckanuck knew that the "new engine" was donated to the village in 1851 by Roger Groton, now deceased; that it had been accepted by a committee of citizens with thanks and appropriate ceremonies and duly installed in the new engine house.

The discussion was long and earnest, punctuated by much expectation, and ended only by the putting up of the shutters, which occurred promptly at nine, and when Billy ambled home he was the proud captain of an hypothetical fire company, which could come into legal existence only when sanctioned by the vote of the annual town meeting.

"Say, Billy," Jed Tucker called wagishly after him as they parted at the corner; "say, ye don't expect no bombardment along tonight, do ye?" But Billy was too much engrossed in his own thoughts to heed him.

At last, when the lingering winter gave place to the tardy spring, the great day for the annual town meeting arrived. All the morning the streets bustled with unaccustomed travel, and when the hour of opening the meeting arrived the hall was full. There was the portly manufacturer with rotund figure, well brushed side-whiskers and self-satisfied smile. There was the mill operative, with pinched features and garments redolent of machine oil. There was the storekeeper, with butter and cheese in his appearance, and anything-else-today-sir air that was habitual. There was Farmer Green from Indian Lane, with bent figure, unkempt beard and keen blue eyes gleaming from beneath shaggy, protruding eyebrows. There was slim Jim Jones, who shot ducks during three months of the year and waited for the next migration during the remaining nine, living meanwhile on the remembrance of what he had shot. There was Bull-Fiddle Burns, of whom more anon, and there was Billy Billson.

An aroma of dignity surrounded Billy's portly figure like an atmosphere, and he was gently whistling "America" in barely audible melody. We will pass over the first part of the meeting, and come to the ninth article in the warrant as read by the moderator in a sonorous monotone that made one word of the whole. "Article - ninth - to - see - if - the town - will - vote - to - establish - a - fire - company - in - Puckanuck - village - and - appropriate - money - for - the - same - the - chair - awaits - any - motion."

A hush fell on the assembly, and Billy Billson arose. Billy was accustomed to hold forth at length at the village store, but he had never before addressed so large an assembly, and he had reason to congratulate himself that his speech was carefully prepared and committed to memory.

"Mr. Moderator," he said.

"Mr. Billson," proclaimed the moderator.

Three hundred pairs of eyes focused

on Billy's countenance, and he felt a strange uplifting of the spirit as if he were speaking from a height far above his own stature.

"It is my hope, sir," he went on, "that this article will be favorably acted on by the town. As we all know, there is many thousand dollars' worth of property in Puckanuck exposed to danger of destruction from the devourin' element 'ntirely unprotected by any organized fire department, until lately public spirited folks have organized a er--r--r-- organization and now wait the sanction of the town. Some money will be needed for er--r--r suitable equipments and uniforms and we hope that er--r--r a small compensatura er--r--r-- will be er--r--r--"

Billy stopped. The concentrated gaze of the three hundred pairs of eyes seemed to be dissipating the solid tegument of his material self, until he was but a formless void from which proceeded a voice. Then with his pause the words of his carefully prepared speech passed into vacancy and he was powerless to call them back. His jaw dropped and his fingers worked convulsively. A laugh sprang up from somewhere and fluttered from seat to seat calling up comrades as it went, but this was promptly drowned in a roar of applause from the Puckanuckers, one of whom drew Billy into his seat by the coat tails. The moderator restored order by a blow of the gavel and the matter was discussed at some length, while Billy wiped the perspiration from his brow and endeavored to recover his equanimity. And now things went ill for the would-be firemen. The heavy taxpayers got in their arguments against more expenditures and the idea of uniforming the Puckanuckers and paying them for their services as firemen was made to appear Utopian indeed. It was at this crisis that Mr. Bullfiddle Burns took the floor. Over six feet tall and very straight and slim he shot up with a sort of telescope like elongation which gave the impression that he might be twice

as tall if he cared to slip out of his joints a little more. Father Time's relentless scythe had harvested from his head all but a few gray locks which the aftermath of a curly brown wig did not all conceal. He played a bass viol, hence his nickname, which had been in so long and constant use that it had completely supplanted any other.

His appearance changed the thoughtful mood of the voters completely and was greeted with laughter and cries of "Turn round!" Bowing low, he received permission to speak and turned toward the audience, the deep grumble of his voice cutting the first ripples of laughter and even breasting the rising roar which followed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am surprised at the opposition to the plan of my esteemed friend, William W. Billson. This is wrong, gentlemen. It is not good policy. It is not even good politics. Gentlemen,"—this very earnestly and impressively,—“there was a conflagration in Rome once. Who set it? Nero. Who refused the aid of the fire department? Nero. Who”—with thundering emphasis—“Who played the bass viol while it burned? Nero.”—Whom do I see here today? Is it a populace of Nero?” All else was drowned in the thunder of the laughter which came here. In vain the moderator beat his desk and called for order. Order was not forthcoming, and it was not until Mr. Burns had finished his speech, inaudible even to those near him and carried on in dumb show, that quiet was restored. But at length the shuttle ceased to play, the fabric of the discourse was woven and the exhibition was over for that year, for Mr. Burns never spoke but once, and a wily Puckanucker called for the question, trusting in the great good humor of the assembly to carry it favorably, which it did by an overwhelming vote. Thus the Puckanuck fire company was established with a reasonable sum for equipments and a small “compensatium” to be paid the members.

The remainder of the meeting was

as nothing to Billy Billson. His globular feature was, if possible, a little more erect, certainly a little more puffed out than usual, and he received the congratulations of his neighbors as one in a dream. Such is the intoxication of success.

The wayward spring, first hinted in the brookside marigolds and anemones, then broadly suggested in the purple irises of Mother Billson's garden, had waxed through apple blossom and syringa into the riotous bloom of summer. The Puckanuck fire company, too, was in full bloom, and now, once a week, panoplied in red shirts and mighty eagle crowned helmets and led by Billy Billson, they drew the ponderous engine to the brookside, followed by all the urchins and most of the remaining population of the village. The orders would ring out full and clear. “Lower suction hose! Out leading hose. Lively now. Man brakes!” Then Billy, speeding down the line with surprising agility would apply the nozzle. An imperious nod of the head, the click-cluck of the pumps, a wheeze and a whisht, and the sputtering stream would shoot up the road, gaining vehemence with every stroke and sprinkling the unwary spectator, to the great delight of the small boy who dodged here and there near its descending spray, proud indeed if Billy condescended to wet him.

It was at such times that the Puckanuck firemen knew that they had not lived in vain. Yet their happiness held an undercurrent of longing. As yet they had never distinguished themselves at any real fire. To be sure there was Murnan's chimney. Murnan's house was very small and the only ladder owned by the company was at least thirty feet long. When they placed it against the building it towered high above the conflagration, so high, in fact, that when Billy climbing above the chimney, turned the all-quenching stream down into the seething vortex of flame, the ladder kicked out at the bottom, and dropped him over the other

side of the house, falling like Lucifer out of high heaven, to the great grief and indignation of Murnan's pig. The fire went out of itself before the ladder was again in place and Murnan turned the still belching nozzle into the well, where, he said, "Shure it would do no harrum," and the company returned to the engine house covered with glory, and other things. But this was not enough. What they wanted was to quench the devouring element in a blazing building, to fight it inch by inch and subdue it; to rescue terrified inmates from windows and bring them down ladders amid the frantic cheers of the populace. It was of this that each dreamed at night and each vowed that when the tocsin of alarm was sounded he would be first to respond, first to face danger and death if need be, proud to step into the hereafter in a blaze of glory and a red fireman's shirt.

Came October. The chant of the blue jay came over the hill, and Billy, lifting his head from his finished work, turned his face toward the open window and declared he could smell partridges. With a sigh of relief he took "George Washington" from the hooks above the fire-place where he hung, dusty with his long summer's rest. Billy loaded the general carefully, took his shot flask, powder horn and box of percussion caps and ambled over the hills into the scrub oaks.

An hour or so later Marm Hanscom and Mother Billson were sitting over a cup of tea and some seed cakes in Mother Billson's front room. Mother Billson was speaking somewhat as follows:

"Lan' sake! Elviry, you must remember Tink Crane. We allers called him Tinker 'cause he was such a genius. Why 'twas him that painted up a suit of overalls with stripes when those two convicts was escaped an' thar was a reward offered for them, an' he run right down through Puckanuck village yelling like mad, an' the whole town took arter him, every last man of 'em.

He run right down along Puckanuck

brook an' kep jumpin' from one side to t'other an' they arter him, fust one fallin' in an' then another, till they was jes' like a passle o' drowned rats. Ho, ho! Yes, an' thar I do surely believe they would be to this day only Grace Estey, Grace was one of Gewhocker's girls, ye know. She had a sister Patience, an' Josh Fullalove was courtin' her—Grace, I mean—an' 'long he come one night an' Grace warn't to home an' the ol' man he says, "Wal, Josh, ye must e'en wait with Patience till Grace comes." Drefful moderit man, Gewhock was. Why he was so moderit that when he was bein' married ol parson Dewick, the ol' man, ye know, he—Mighty good parson he was too. Best man at a funeral I ever saw. Why at Si Wigginses funeral, or was it Zeb's? I think it was Si's, fer I know it rained drefful at Si's funeral and when the parson spoke about layin' him away in the beautiful June weather he made a mistake, jest a kind of a burl in his tongue, ye know, an' said layin' him away in the beautiful June water; an' Zeb, he spoke right up an' said it shouldn't be allowed, for everyone knew Si couldn't swim a stroke. It made consid'able stir at the time, but Lan' sake! everyone knew Zeb was half-witted. Yes, more'n half. Have some more tea, Miss Hanscom; as I was sayin'—"

This monologue might have gone on for some time, for Marm Hanscom was an excellent listener, being a little deaf and quite fond of Mother Billson's tea, had there not come a knock at the door. Mother Billson opened it to find there a stable boy from the Centre with a yellow envelope bearing the stamp of the Western Union Telegraph Co., the name of William Billson, and a demand for twenty-five cents. This the good lady paid as soon as she recovered her breath, bringing the money from a purse in the cupboard, and taking the envelope gingerly between her finger and thumb she re-entered the front room, dropped it into the middle of the table and sank into a chair.



"A telegram!" gasped Marm Hanscom, nearly dropping her fresh cup of tea.

"Yes," cried Mother Billson, "a telegram!" "What shall we do Elviry?"

The good lady leaned back in her chair with consternation showing in every line of her face. The other caught up a fan from the book case. "There, there!" she said, "Feel faint, don't ye? Well, well, I don't blame ye, its an awful thing to have telegrams come right in on ye sudden like, an' we so comfortable, too." This last not without a glance at her untasted and now fast cooling tea.

"There, there! Now ye're better and I'm goin' right over arter Sairey Ann. Goodness knows ye don't want to be left here with only me, an' telegrams comin' in an' everything." In a few moments she was back again with "Sairey Ann" and several of the neighbors who had seen the telegram arrive and hastened over to join the excitement. There was much soothing and commiserating and much drinking of tea, and as the afternoon wore on all Puckanuck was agog with the story that there was a telegram at the Billson household and Billy nowhere to be found.

Supper time came at last and with it Billy, whistling "Lilla Dale" in jubilant staccato, with two partridges dangling from one hand as proof of his prowess and the reliability of "George Washington." The neighbors were unfeignedly glad to see him. The full sea of their curiosity was flooding the lower stories of conscience and threatening to carry down in utter ruin that noble structure, or at least to wash it from its foundations and leave it seriously out of plumb. But neither partridges nor prodigal could sooth the harrowed soul of Mother Billson. As Billy entered she rose from the languid position in which she was being industriously fanned and plied with "camphire" by two solicitous attendants, and resting one thin hand on the arm of the chair, pointed with the other at the

telegram which still lay on the table wrapped in its envelope.

"There," said she, "there! now ye see what ye 'av brought on us. Now, ye see what has come while ye was off traipsin' round with that ol' gun. I say now, I always have said, an' I always shall say, that no good ever came to the fambly out o' that fearful ol' thing bein' in the house. An' yet in spite of all I can say ye will persist in neglectin' your business, an' go off when ye'd oughter be at home. An' telegrams comin' in an' everything." Here the old lady branched off into a discussion of the errors and iniquities of the men of the Billson family, in general, which was hardly heard by her attendant sympathizers, for Billy had stepped to the table, examined the telegram somewhat dubiously, found it surely addressed to him, opened and read it.

"What, what is it?" gasped the chorus of neighbors.

"Wal," said Billy slowly, "it's Uncle Bijah." "Dead?" from the chorus. Billy nodded his head. "Oh, too bad! What did he die of?" still in unison. But this Billy could not answer, for the telegram merely stated the fact of his death and the date set for the funeral.

As this was all that could be gleaned for the time the gossips soon slipped away to their homes, leaving Billy to talk the matter over with his mother, who, now that the worst was known, was again her helpful motherly self.

Everyone in Puckanuck knew that Billy's only living relative, except his mother, had been Uncle Bijah, who lived at Franklin Falls, alone, save his housekeeper, that Billy was his heir, and that Bijah was wealthy—worth two or three thousand dollars they said at the store. They knew also, before bedtime, that Billy would leave on the morrow to attend the funeral, and, they surmised, bring back his inheritance.

The evening was one of bustle and preparation for Billy and the thought of his long journey waked him early. The sun was just sprinkling the frosty fields with an occasional jewel when he

ambled down the Greenmeadow road to the little shed dignified with the name of station. Here two trains a day stopped for the occasional Puckanuck passenger who must take care to be in sight and to look as if he meant to go somewhere, lest the engineer emulate the Levite and pass by on the other side. Billy was an old traveller. He had been to Boston occasionally and once to Lowell to attend a fireman's muster, and he had no trouble in finding the proper station and embarking on a North-bound train for his destination. It was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at a little way station and the brakeman sung out "Penacook, Penacook." A few passengers filed out, but the train did not start again. Bye and bye people began to put their heads out of the window and a few went out on the platform. There was a freight wreck ahead, the conductor said. He did not know when the road would be clear. It was a bad wreck. The passengers would do well to stay in Penacook that night. Billy inquired of the station master for lodging and was directed to the Eagle House, where "Thar warn't so many people stopped cause it was a leetle bit out o' town, but the cookin' was the best in the hull State o' New Hampshire." This last Billy verified at supper that night. Bedtime came none too soon and he was shown up stairs by the light of a little chimneyless oil lamp whose faint gleam showed on one side of the room, against the wall, a high old-fashioned bedstead piled higher yet with a huge feather bed. Into this he soon climbed, and, weary with the cares and excitement of the journey, sank into a heavy dreamless sleep.

How like a mother art thou, Oh, sleep! So tenderly didst thou wrap the weary Billson that from the grasp of his consciousness slipped the long journey with its bustle and excitement and he seemed to be once more in his accustomed bed in the little house at Puckanuck with the white moon shin-

ing on the roof of the engine house a few rods up the hill.

What was that? Could he be dreaming or was it the clang of a real bell that reverberated dimly in the outer chamber of consciousness?

He wrestled with sleep as Jacob of old wrestled with the angel, and like Jacob he won. He was not yet awake, but he knew the bell was ringing and there was but one meaning for the clangor. There was a fire in the village!

Surely that was Jed Tucker's voice that swelled in hoarse outcry with approaching footsteps and then shrank in steady diminuendo as its owner passed lustily crying "Fire!"

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Now, rouse thee, Billson! thine hour has come! Go where glory waits thee!

Billy was sitting up in bed now, rubbing his eyes in a mighty effort to get them open. Then he turned to the right side to spring out, as usual, only to bump against a wall and be forcibly landed on his back where he started from. Surprise does not express his condition of mind. He had slept in that bed for thirty years, or thought he had, and it had never been placed against the wall before.

But there was no time to wonder at trifles. There were more cries and he could hear the sound of an engine bell. He must get to that fire with his comrades or be forever disgraced. He turned to the other side of the bed and was more successful, landing on the floor all right, although not without a little gasp of surprise at the extra distance, and leaned quickly to take his clothes from the accustomed chair. The chair was not there, but the commode was, and the violence of its contact with his eye lighted a gorgeous firmament of stars that circled about his head in concentric rings while he held the eye and danced.

By this time he was getting to be wide awake, but it did not seem to help his comprehension of the situation. It was evident that the com-

mode was no more in place than the wall had been a moment before. Yet he must dress and go to the fire. That at least would admit of no delay. Even now he felt that he was late and that his comrades would win all the honors. There would be a lamp on the bureau; he would light that and straighten his somewhat distorted comprehension of the arrangement of his room. It was possible that the bureau was still in its accustomed place, so feeling carefully before him with extended hands he groped his way toward it.

It is the unexpected which happens, and this is perhaps the reason why Billy encountered a rocking chair in a room which to his knowledge had never contained such a thing. At any rate he did encounter one. He stepped on the tip of the rocker, his two hundred pounds bringing the back of the chair under his arms and against his waistband with a thud. "Huh!" said he, as impelled by the blow, he doubled over the chair and putting his head between the rungs in front started on a series of somersaults with it.

In coolly thinking this affair over afterward Billy was very glad that all this did not happen at home. He would have been very sorry to have his mother, who was an excellent woman and very careful what language other people used, hear the names of the people and places that he mentioned during the rocking chair episode. And when he finally escaped his tormentor he sat very still for a time, not on the chair, but on the floor, and rubbed his projections and thought.

How came all this to pass? It was in inexplicable mystery. There had never in his life been a rocking chair in his room. His bed had evidently sidled up against the wall in the night. The commode was rambling about of its own sweet will. His clothing was scant and he did not know where to look for any more; indeed, he did not even know where the bed was now. What was worse, he did not dare hunt

for anything. A room that contained extra chairs, with rockers, whose furniture rambled round and scuffled with him, a room that had blank walls pushed up against the side of the bed while men slept, and was at least twice as large as it had been the night before, was too much of an Arabian Nights apartment to be explored further without a light or a knowledge of necromancy. There was no knowing what might happen to him next. Yet the thought of sitting on the floor all night, clad only in his modesty, and in dangerous proximity to the irascible rocking chair was more than could be endured. Then there was the fire. Could he desert his brave comrades in their hour of peril? No! He would make one more effort.

Feeling carefully along the cold floor in a crouching position he sought the wall of the room, thinking to reach that, rise, and feel his way to either bed or bureau, as fate might direct. After what seemed a long period of suspense he reached the wall and joyfully started to spring to his feet when he was again floored by a tremendous bang on the back of the head.

He had crawled under the bed.

"It is a wise man," says the proverb, "who knows when he has had enough," and Billy's education was rapidly approaching that point. He could not get out of that room in its present abnormal condition if the village was to burn down; and he knew it.

He had done his best and escape was a manifest impossibility. With a vicious commode and an irascible rocking chair lying in wait in the nearby darkness he would not start away from the safe haven of that bed for any consideration; indeed, he knew he was more than ordinarily fortunate to have found the bed again. So, crawling carefully into the feathers that he realized with a dull sense of wonder were unfamiliar, he laid his wounded head on the pillow, and pondering the strange state of affairs, slipped again into the oblivion of sleep.

Waking in the morning with a full consciousness of his surroundings, he found it hard not to believe that the events of the night were a dream, but a lump on the back of his head, a very sore eye, and various minor scratches, besides a rocking chair upside down in one corner of the room and minus two rungs and a rocker, were evidence to the contrary.

His host detailed the news of the fire next morning at breakfast and seemed

surprised that Billy had not arisen to view the great event.

It was some weeks later that Jed Tucker, after listening to Billy's tale of his New Hampshire trip, said: "Ye didn't get to go to no fires while ye was gone, did ye?"

"N--n--no," said Billy. "They had a little one, but it was out o' my deestrick, so I didn't interfere."

Whereat Jed marvelled greatly at the self control of his chief.

## ON THE SAN PEDRO TRAIL

BY STEWART LAWRENCE

"LET'S take the trail by Aguilar's this time, Lordy," and at this suggestion two riders turned from a road that bisected as barren a desert as ever glistened under the Mexican sun, and headed for a dried-out waterway that cut into the plains a mile beyond, and in the bottom of which they would find the trail that ran from El Rancho de Carmen to the little pueblo of San Pedro.

"You've never been this way before, have you?" continued the elder of the two horsemen. "Well, it's a little farther, to be sure, but in the arroya ahead we will get a glimpse of as pretty a date-palm grove as ever relieved the monotony of this cursed, dried-up sandy waste, and what's more, Lordy, my boy, on the llano beyond you'll get a glimpse of as pretty a half-breed as was ever born to blush unseen. Oh, don't scowl, you'll change your tune in time."

"Now, see here, Chess," retorted the younger, "I like you all right; don't misunderstand me, but I am beastly tired of hearing your maudlin sentiments run riot about the slovenly, dark-skinned, mongrel muchachas of this God forsaken country. It's senseless, you know it. You know their traits.

You know as well as I do that their souls may be bought for a gilt earring; that a poor white prospector is to them the bait that a count is to an American belle; that all their plaintive love songs, their te amo-s and their te adoro-s are addressed not to your heart, but your purse. And as for beauty, bah! a New Orleans mulatto would suit me better."

The young man voicing this antipathy was Fred Ratcliffe, assayer for the Little Luck Mining Company of San Pedro, and his companion was its manager and agent. Ratcliffe was large and well built; his companion short and stout. The former's face possessed indications of mental ability and refinement; the latter's of what is called 'horse sense' and 'grit.'

Chester Doyle was the older and rougher of the two. He had known Ratcliffe 'back in the States,' and hearing that he had been doing good work at a poor salary for a little Mexican mining company near Hermosillo, and wishing the society of a 'white man' with American wits and an English tongue, he had sent for him. They were the only Americans in camp and naturally became very familiar.

Ratcliffe had been dubbed 'Lordy'

in college days on account of his splendid physique and royal carriage, his generous style of dress and genial dignity of manner, and these characteristics, as well as the nickname they excited, he still retained.

They were in strong contrast to Doyle's dilapidated style. Doyle felt the contrast, and it was tantalizing to him. No matter how straight he might sit in his saddle, Ratcliffe's erect and graceful carriage seemed to sneer at his effort. No matter how important he might wish to make himself appear to the uncritical natives, Ratcliffe seemed without effort to snatch their attention away from him. So his pride took refuge in a devil-may-care manner and the conviction that Ratcliffe would in time be brought to 'do as the Romans.'

Ratcliffe's engagement to a young and successful violin teacher of Boston had made all thoughts of association with the Mexican señoritas loathsome to him, and Doyle's persistent allusions annoyed him.

"But be considerate, Ratcliffe," urged his friend; "Look the situation in the face, my boy. You're in Mexico. You've been here six years. To be sure, you've filed your pistol sight and taken off your trigger for our style of shooting, but still you wear Boston made half boots and cord riding pants. You shave every three days. You don't attend the dances of the natives; drink their liquor, or gamble at their games. The only sign of adaptation to your environment, my boy, is your liberal use of Spanish oaths. Why act so unnaturally?"

Doyle hesitated for a reply, but receiving none continued. "Why, you'll never see God's country again. You are just as poor now as when you came into this land of Greasers. You're bound to stay here all your life. Don't you see it? Now you come with me to the dance at camp tomorrow night, and I'll show you into what I call 'good society.' We'll drink mescal and dance the jota, and gamble at monte. We'll

be fellows with our fellow men and women. What do you say, Lordy?"

"I want better pleasure than that," replied Ratcliffe, brusquely.

"But you must take what you can get," persisted Doyle. "Come, now, let's make the best of this life. What I want is a good time, and good company. Come with me tomorrow night, and you'll get a change. It will do you good."

Doyle could not see the effect of his advice and entreaties and felt them a failure when, after a moment's hesitation, Ratcliffe replied, "No, I don't believe I'd care for it, Chess, and I'll be too tired by night anyway, for I've already thirty assays for tomorrow."

But if Doyle had possessed a deeper insight he might have seen Ratcliffe's already discouraged hopes and ambitions experiencing an iconoclastic blow from these careless and insidious suggestions; hopes and ambitions to return East with wealth and an improved manhood; ripe with Life's hard experience and rich with Sonora gold; hopes and ambitions that seemed assured when he was told that a certain violin would only play a miserere 'til he returned, and which seemed already realized when there in Boston in a certain front doorway on a November eve six years ago, a few chokingly articulated promises were ratified by a farewell kiss; but now, with six years of hard usage, they began to feel the strain and waver.

"Doyle may be right. I may never return," his failing spirit was saying. "My hope of fortune is indeed a desert mirage, a tempting phantom lake ever receding with my forward steps. Six of my best years gone, and it is still ahead of me. What a fool to continue the chase! Why do I?" and a quick, encouraging answer came. It was the reverie picture of the one who was waiting.

The two riders had passed the palm grove, and the heat of the southern sun in its midday intensity had caused their horses' heads to hang low as they walked or loped over the hot sands of



the dried out creek bottom, and it made the thought of water, when Ratcliffe inquired about it, unusually tantalizing to them, for through their own neglect their canteens had not been carried.

"Aguilar's is not far away," replied Doyle. "We rise to the mesa a mile ahead, and Aguilar's is only a quarter from there."

They soon reached the mesa, and there ahead of them on the flat plain, like an island in a sea of sand, stood the lonely adobe, its one story casting a shade that, although of little area—perhaps on account of that very littleness—was always a refreshing sight to a sun beaten traveler.

Juana, the prettiest half-breed of those parts, was sitting cross-legged in the shadow of the hut, grinding the handful of corn for the mid-day meal. Her back was towards the approaching riders. She was clad in the simple attire so common to her race, a plain white cotton waist and black calico skirt, both limp and loose fitting, and cut and sewed in the simplest manner possible to form a covering. She was barefooted and bare-headed. Her jet glossy hair was bound loosely at the back with a short piece of black ribbon. Her head was bent over the stone upon which the corn was being ground, and the monotonous work not needing her attention, her eyes were fixed in the uncertain gaze that tells of day dreams.

Her face was certainly a beautiful one. The striking effect of the clear, dark eyes, and firm but soft and graceful features of the Spanish face, was heightened by the mellow glow that deepened in her cheeks and shone through the sombreness of her dark skin with an ever varying intensity. This restless light, ebbing and flowing with her thoughts and impulses, between the extremes of cold passiveness and excited passion, gave attractive hints of an underlying force and range of feeling most unexpected in such commonplace environment.

"How does Aguilar make a living

in this lonely spot?" asked Ratcliffe as they came in sight of the adobe.

"Well, I can't tell you how Aguilar lives, for he's dead," replied Doyle. "Though there's many are sure it's now by the sweat of his brow, if it never was before. He left a little for the wife and girl. He's been dead two years now."

"But how did he live before that? There's no money to be made in a desert," said Ratcliffe.

"He brought it with him" Doyle replied. "They say he was first seen in camp one morning about eighteen years ago, and as far as anyone knows he just dropped out of the night. Strange man he was, too. A pure Spaniard. One of your straight, lithe kind. Nice and pleasant enough, but with a grim, set face, and a gleam in his eyes that would make a man say 'Yes, sir' to what he said just to feel easy. Some said his crime was murder; others that he was a fugitive insurgent leader; while all confessed that it was only a guess, but none doubted that if he would, he could tell them such stories as would make their lives seem flat and stale. I felt it myself. Why, you could see it in his eyes, but you didn't dare ask him."

"A regular cheap novel bandit, I should say," suggested Ratcliffe. "Still, he might have been an interesting greaser to meet. I'm sorry he died so soon. Where did he get his wife?"

"He picked her up in camp," replied Doyle. "She's a homely hag now, but Juana makes up for all that. That's her outside. Hello, Juana!" he called as they came nearer.

Juana rose and waited for them, and when they were in front of her she answered Doyle's salutation with a respectful "Buenas Dias, senores," and offered to lead their horses to a little thatch shed that stood at a distance from the adobe.

Pulling the reins over the horses' heads they handed them to Juana—Doyle covering her hand with his and squeezing it as he did so, for which pleasure he received in return as vicious

a little pinch as her finger could deal while snatching her hand away and such a darting, angry glance as she turned toward the shed, that his surprised senses were seriously confused, and Ratcliffe heard him mutter as he stood looking after her, "The little vixen. Well, if that don't beat the devil."

When Doyle turned he saw Ratcliffe trying to repress his amusement, and with the pinch and the glance still burning he made a pretense of carelessness by saying, "Did you see that? Ha! Ha! Well, I'll be hanged! That's a new trick for a Mexican. She's a spark of the old man's fire. It's fun stirring her up," and he laughed as though circumstances quite pleased him, and Ratcliffe very considerably laughed with him, as though he looked at it just the same way.

They stepped at once into the one and only room of the little adobe to say good day to Senora Aguilar, who had seen them coming and was adding another handful or two to the stew of beans in the fireplace.

She greeted them with a comical deference. She passed them water from the dark earthen bowl on the floor with great alacrity, and gave them each a chair in such a servile, apologetic manner that Ratcliffe was reassured in his opinion of the Mexicans, and felt a pleasant consciousness that no self abasement that Senora Aguilar might indulge in in deference to him could sufficiently express the real superiority of himself in particular and Americans in general over these people of Spanish-Indian descent.

The senora was indeed a poor specimen, being short, dumpy, ugly-visaged, and showing in her face and manner an exasperating stupidity that only on very rare occasions ever relieved itself by so mild an expression as one of attention, and never was known to exert itself to such an extreme as to appear even momentarily intelligent. Yet she seemed quite the person one would expect to inhabit such a place.

The room with its low ceiling, its walls of sun dried brick, which looked like frozen blocks of mud that might soften any moment, was comparatively cool and pleasant. Its primitive appearance was not much relieved by the crude fireplace in one corner, the bundle of bedding in another, or the small dirty pine table in the centre; but two chairs (a luxury that old Aguilar used to insist upon), and the shelf with Juana's few books and her mandolin gave it a distinction that was not equalled among the natives of that back country.

The dinner which the senora prepared for them was plain and scant, but heartily relished by the hungry riders.

After the meal was finished Doyle sauntered out to the shade of the hut for a quiet siesta and was soon asleep. Ratcliffe lit a cigar and lazily seated himself in the doorway. The old lady lit her cigarette and sat on the floor with her back to the wall, and with her knees encircled by her clasped hands fell into a succession of half-minute dozes, which enabled her to keep the cigarette alight, although it seemed to Ratcliffe that each jerk of her nodded head placed her clothing in serious danger of a fire. Juana busied herself with the cooking utensils and the few dishes that were soiled.

Ratcliffe, just before dinner, had caught part of an undertone conversation between Juana and her mother, which had included on Juana's side the flattering criticism of himself "Que hermoso el alto!" (How handsome the tall one), and watching her now in her apparent indifference to his presence as she moved quietly about the room, he pleased himself with the recollection of her remark, and quite readily acknowledged that she also deserved a favorable estimate of her physical qualities, notwithstanding the fact that he had set his mind against such an admission when Doyle alluded to her beauty earlier in the day.

Puffing leisurely at his cigar and imagining that he was studying character,

he studied her shapely feet and ankles, her arms and face and form. He wondered what life could mean to one in such a hovel. He became interested in this employment and felt disposed to follow his curiosity into a conversation, and commenced with the much worn preliminary question, "Don't you speak a little English?"

Although she was expecting him to speak to her, she started and colored slightly. She understood the question, and gave the expected reply, "No, *senor*."

Then thinking of nothing better to sustain this weak effort, he asked in Spanish why she had not learned it.

"It is very hard to learn, *senor*," she replied.

"I like the Spanish myself," Ratcliffe continued, now feeling fairly launched. "It is such a pretty language, so much prettier than our English."

"Still, I would like to know English," she said, seating herself near the table. "The Americans all talk English. I am going to learn it some day."

One elbow was on the table, and her head rested against the hand which it supported, while her fingers buried themselves in the waves of dark hair that flowed back from her temples. She was gazing meditatively through the doorway in which Ratcliffe was sitting, and it seemed as though she were trying to look into that future when she would know English, and hoping that the knowledge of that language might be an avenue that would lead her away from these barren surroundings to a life abounding in eventfulness, such a life as she believed all Americans lived in that dim land of great, wonderful cities, that she knew only as 'the States.'

"Do you think that I could learn the English, *senor*?" she asked.

"Well, it's a pretty hard language, as you say," Ratcliffe replied, rather astonished to find her really serious regarding it, "But I dare say you might get hold of a few words in time. It will be of no use to you though, out here."

"No, of course not, here. Nothing's of use here," she said with sharp vexation.

"But don't you expect to live in this way always? Aren't you satisfied with this nice, quiet life?" he asked, smiling at the absurdity of calling it by so pleasant a name, yet thinking that to one like Juana, who had known no better, it would probably seem suitable.

"Satisfied! With this!" she exclaimed, letting her hand at her head drop to the table, and making a deprecating little gesture with the other as she leaned forward and continued a little excitedly, "You think I am satisfied with this? You didn't know my father, did you, sir? My father was educated, smart, a fine gentleman. He taught me some. He told me stories of Spain. What he told me made me hate this life. I begged him to take me to Spain, sir, and he said he might after a little while, and every day we talked of it. He said it would mean fine society for him again, and for me, too, and I could hardly wait. He used to curse this life, and he would curse the Mexicans, sir, and say you Americans were the best people of the earth, and that he would go through the States on his way to Spain. He liked the Americans, so that when I see one of you it makes my life a burden to me, for it reminds me of him and the life I missed, for you know, he died."

The fire that lurked beneath the dark skin of Juana's face had been fanned to a lively warmth, which Ratcliffe had not failed to admire, and the fine effect it had on his sense of the artistic might have caused him to exclaim, "Gad, what a pretty speech!" had it not been that Juana addressed him so directly and vehemently as to confuse him with a most genuine surprise at such an exceptional outburst from a 'mongrel native.' Coming as it did, with such earnestness and spirit, he was actually inclined to feel that his reply demanded a serious, if not a reverent handling, and in his desire to quickly adjust his thoughts to the level of hers and say

something really helpful, and that he might be proud of, he became even more confused, puffed vigorously at his cigar, and said nothing.

Juana seemed to expect encouragement, at least a brief reply. As it did not come she felt a sense of forwardness in talking so to this stranger. She was disconcerted. She turned red, and with her back to Ratcliffe, assumed an interest in finishing the cleaning of the kettles in the fireplace.

Ratcliffe saw that his failure to reply had caused her a painful self-consciousness. He felt uncomfortably stupid to think he had appeared incapable of appreciating her quickly placed confidence, and with a sudden prompting to show that he was not stupid, and also to relieve her embarrassment, he rose from the doorway, stepped over to the fireplace and said impulsively, "I admire you for being discontented with a life like this. Yes, I do. You should have the life you wish, and I hope you will find it, and soon, too."

Juana's mother, now wide awake, was much pleased at the advances of this young Americano, and with mistaken tact she got up and left the room.

Her leaving checked Ratcliffe's impulsiveness and awakened Doyle, who came and looked in at the doorway, and, unnoticed, heard Ratcliffe telling Juana that he had a few Spanish books at camp which she might like to read, and that if she cared for them he would bring them to her the next time he passed.

Juana said, "Thank you, *senor*," in a way that seemed to refer more to his words of sympathy than his offer to lend her books, and Doyle, who had not hoped for so good a chance to even his little score, startled them with his loud laugh, and by saying "There! There! Lordy! That's the time I caught you. You thought I was asleep, didn't you, Ha! Ha! You know I never believed in your running down the *senoritas* anyway. What has he been saying to you, Juana?"

Juana was very diligently cleaning a kettle, and did not reply.

Doyle and Ratcliffe had wasted too much time at the little adobe, and did not reach San Pedro until late in the afternoon, which compelled them to return to camp in the uncertainty of a cloudy night.

San Pedro was the nearest postoffice and railway station to the Little Luck Mining Company's mill, and Doyle had been accustomed to ride over twice a week to receive his mail and attend to freights and bullion shipments. Now that Ratcliffe had his assaying well in hand, it was proposed that he relieve Doyle of these long hot rides, and so these semi-weekly trips to San Pedro were thereafter made by Ratcliffe.

Pretty Juana Aguilar, in a few months from Ratcliffe's first visit, expected, and was not disappointed in seeing him every Tuesday and Saturday. He excused himself for making these regular stops at the adobe by arguing that he was improving his Spanish, and moreover he was benefiting Juana with the stories of American life and keeping alive her eagerness to attain the benefits and pleasures of a more civilized condition than her present one. With Juana's strong spirit, and her nobleness of character forcing a slow respect from him, he felt ashamed in their presence to acknowledge the willingness with which he was being fascinated by her beautiful face, her graceful figure, and by her flattering trustfulness and admiration of him, with his broader knowledge and experience.

As these visits gradually assumed this regularity Ratcliffe found himself lingering for several hours at a time at the little adobe, and choosing the latter part of the afternoon or the early evening on his return from San Pedro, as the better time to "stop a few minutes," as he would say to himself, "and brush up on his Spanish."

It was not long before his memory contained interesting remembrances of these pleasant hours. Sometimes he would smile over his furnaces as he

recalled a bright scrap of conversation, or stop in his figuring of metal weights and values, to try and feel again the touch of a hand that had been given in play, and the people in camp looked at one another knowingly when he hummed or whistled the Spanish airs that Juana had taught him, and the envious mind of many a young *senorito* was stirred to visions of the way this rival learned his songs, so vivid that it could fairly see the stars looking down upon Juana and Ratcliffe as they sat at the side of the solitary Aguilar adobe, and could hear Juana's sweet, rich voice and the tinkling of the mandolin she plays as she sings for Ratcliffe the songs her father has taught her in those days, the memory of which is now so often revived.

One evening after the dishes had been removed from the little table in the center of the room that Ratcliffe now knew so well, and Juana was moving busily about it, they fell into a lively dialogue that turned to playful bantering, and from that to mock quarreling, each laughing as they made a pointed sally.

It was soon that the increasing spirit of this repartee tempted Ratcliffe to overdo his part and to make a most inconsiderate retort in a tone of such severity that Juana, not being able to see his face in the dusk of the evening light, could hardly believe him jesting. With this doubt silencing and reply for a moment, she seated herself in a chair near the fireplace, and watched the few dying coals in so quiet a manner that Ratcliffe plainly felt that he had been misunderstood and went over and stood by her a second in hesitation, and then said inquiringly, "You knew I was not in earnest, didn't you?" He was standing very near to her now, with his hand on the back of her chair, and her pulse quickened with the sense of a present opportunity to discover his real attitude toward her, and she seized the opportunity with true maidenly tact by dropping her head slightly and saying with a sweet reproachfulness that proved

more effective than she knew, "You said it crossly. I think it was a little too cruel for play, to say the least. That's all."

"Juana, you know I care too much for you to hurt you," came his quick reply. "And you forgive me, don't you?" he added, bending over to embrace her, but this pleasing prospect of his was abruptly dissipated.

The blood had surged into Juana's face from the decidedly pleasant consciousness of having this American asking her forgiveness and confessing that he cared for her, but her womanly prudence bade her make him insist on his fondness for her before she permitted any caresses, and it was due to this command of her nature that Ratcliffe found his arms closing upon emptiness, and saw Juana standing just beyond reach, laughing at him and saying, "You're a good actor, Mr. Gringo. I'll light a candle, so it won't be lost in the darkness. But really now, what about the way I did my part?"

Ratcliffe was disappointed and very much surprised. He had caught enough of Juana's expression to know that she had been in earnest. The few ruddy embers in the fireplace had betrayed her blush. He had for a long time felt sure she loved him, and he could not understand why she had so recklessly flung away this opportunity to have him, an American—a well educated, polished, good looking American—offer her his love, his love that was as pure as he thought any Mexican could deserve or expect.

"I suppose I am a Gringo—a fool, too, perhaps," Ratcliffe said confusedly with a certain determination forming in his mind. "And now I'll call you names. Let me see, You're a-a—" and then in English he continued, "A deuced fine girl for a Mexican. Gad, but you are!"

"Now, see here," Juana retorted laughingly as she lighted the candle on the table. "That's not fair, calling me names I can't understand. Tell me



what you said. Quick, now, or this match will set your mustache ablaze."

The threatening match was being held to his face. She stood just beyond it with bewitching animation expressed in every feature. The loose sleeve of her uplifted arm fell back toward the shoulder, and uncovered its graceful lines.

"Quick!" she commanded, as the blaze drew toward her fingers.

"I called you—my own darling," he responded, quickly, and taking a step forward let the pretty upraised arm go over his shoulders as he clasped her, this time, in a firm embrace.

Juana did not try to extricate herself, but said simply, "What you called me in English did not sound like that."

"But that is what I meant, Juana. And I want to call you something else that I hope you'll like," he went on.

"You may tell me that in Spanish, please," she interposed, looking up into his face happily.

"I want to call you—wife," he said. Yet as he kissed her his face suddenly paled, for he saw another figure in his

arms, and heard a sweetly sad "Good-bye" ringing in his ears.

Juana and Ratcliffe were quietly married on a bright September morning at the little chapel of San Pedro, the words of the padre thrilling Juana with deepest reverence for the celebration, and causing Ratcliffe to feel uncomfortably conscious of its seriousness and to apprehend that he might some day regret this moment, although it now seemed that he was indeed "making the best of life," as Doyle would put it. At times he felt and acknowledged himself in a sense inferior to this girl whom he was marrying, and now as she knelt before the image of the Virgin Mary to pray, his conscience smote him as though he were committing a crime.

"Nothing shall ever tempt me to desert her," his spirit resolved, and his vow was, perhaps, an answer to the words she breathed.

"Holy Virgin Mary, I am unworthy of this happiness. Teach me to be all to him that anyone could be and dear, merciful Mother, watch over the love he gives me, and send me strength to keep it—Amen."

## WHEN LOVE SHALL COME

When Love shall come, the thousand mysteries  
Of Life and Death shall shine in meaning clear.  
For what is Life but loving? — Death but loss?  
Ah, hold me close; for I shall know thee, dear,  
When Love shall come.

Love's cup is sweet — the lotus of the heart,  
And, lotus-like, the misty world goes past.  
I drink the lees of passion unashamed  
And wait, for Paradise is mine at last,  
When Love shall come.

Ah Love, dear Love! Thy unavailing wings  
Beat sorely on the bars of human pride,  
But I ask naught except thy mastery.  
The flood-gates of my soul shall open wide  
When Love shall come.

*Myrtle Reed.*

## WILLIAMS OF RHODE ISLAND

BY FRANK H. SWEET

Williams of Rhode Island was down on his luck. He had been five years in the Gold State, and had confidently looked forward to each year's enabling him to go back home and make things comfortable for the woman and little ones. But each succeeding year had found him precisely where the previous one had left him—a sanguine prospector, with a wealth of hope and a pitifully small outfit.

He had frequently struck promising veins, and had hurried to his tent to write glowing, exultant letters to the weary woman who was waiting for him; but somehow the claims had always petered out prematurely.

But this last find had been different. He had taken out sixty dollars a day for a week, and with this substantial evidence of coming prosperity had written a letter which filled the far-away home with sudden joy. Then the vein had disappeared, and he had picked and shoveled and hauled away dirt until his money was exhausted. But the gold was there; he was sure of it; and his confidence induced the trader at Three Forks to advance him funds. However, there had been a shaft to sink and solid rock to cut through; and it had all been expensive. When it was accomplished the money was gone—and there was no vein.

He was still confident; but the trader was angry, and accused him of false pretences. Only this morning he had received intimation that the Sheriff was about to levy on his mine—on his Molly, named after the dear one it was to do so much for.

He was a strong man, hardened to ordinary weaknesses; but as he sat there on the rough boulder, tears began to roll from his eyes and fall unconsciously from his bronzed, bearded face. Never

had his home seemed so far away, and the future so utterly hopeless and dreary.

He was aroused by approaching footsteps. When he looked up two men stood before him. One of them was the owner of the adjoining claim; the other was the Sheriff.

"I have come to—" began the officer.

"Yes, yes; I know," Williams of Rhode Island rose heavily to his feet. "It's all right. Just go ahead. I can do nothing."

The Sheriff looked at him curiously.

"Oh, 'tain't so bad as that," he laughed. "I did 'low on making a levy, but Kansas, here, has been telling me something that has changed my plans. You needn't worry about it just now."

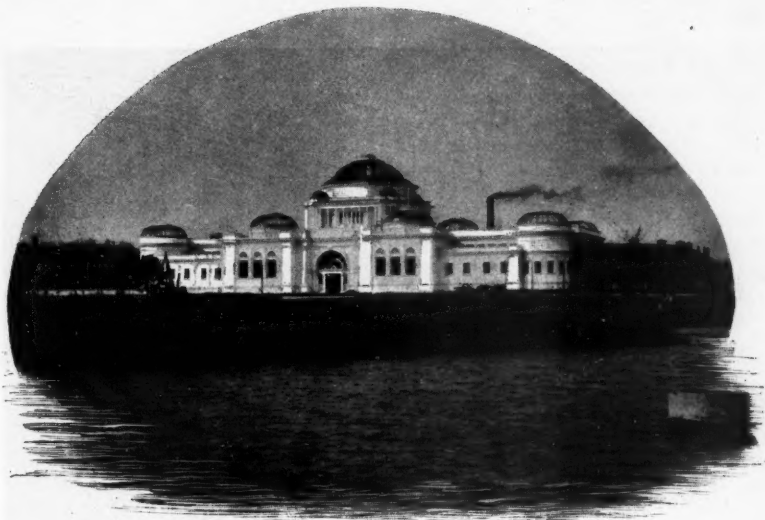
"I s'pose ye heered 'bout my luck?" Kansas asked, blandly.

"Yes." Williams of Rhode Island looked at him stolidly. Kansas was a person of established shiftlessness; and yet, only a few days before he had struck it rich, and was now a person of wealth and consequence.

"I've got a pretty vein," Kansas went on frankly; "but it dips to'ards you uns land. If thar's a pocket, I 'low hit's acrost your line. I don't s'pose you'd be willin' to sell out, clean; but if ye'll go pards, I'll give ye ten thousand dollars for a half share." He waited a moment; but, as there was no reply, added: "I'll make it twenty thousand for a clean job—but of course you won't quit."

Williams of Rhode Island looked down into the valley and up the mountain, and then across to the east, where the sun was just rising above the pines.

"Yes; I'll quit," he said huskily. "You can buy me out clean. I'm going home."



Agriculture Building

## A MARBLE CITY

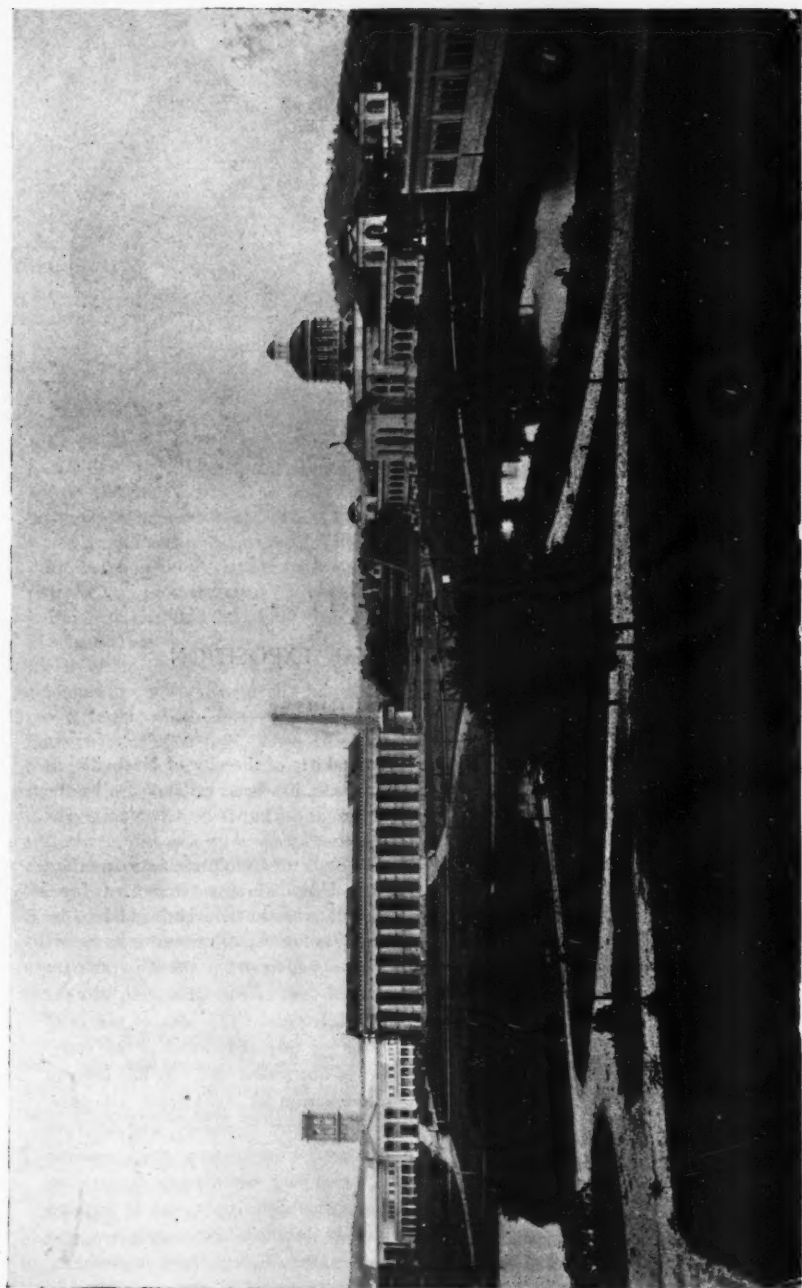
### THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

BY CHARLES H. SEBASTIAN

ON JUNE 1 of last year the state of Tennessee was one hundred years old. To commemorate this event its sons and daughters have taken upon themselves to inaugurate an Exposition. This Exposition is to be known as the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. It will begin on May 1 of this year and continue to October 31, enduring throughout a period of six months. In its exhibits it will embrace all manner of representations of the products of the world—the achievements of the arts and sciences and the stored and improved wealth of the earth. All countries have been asked to contribute, all the states of the Union and the states and provincialities of other nations. Grounds have been secured for the Exposition and buildings erected, and some are in the course of completion. The beautiful white city, "the Marble City," as one might say, that has gently risen up on

the outskirts of the city of Nashville, in Tennessee, has been called there by the word of the Tennessee Centennial Directors.

The state of Tennessee was admitted to the Union on the 1st day of June, 1796. It was the sixteenth state to be granted recognition, receiving its incorporation papers from the Government when the seat of administration was yet in Philadelphia. The idea of the celebration of this centennial of its state-right is not a new one. It has been in contemplation for many years. The present movement, however, was first put into material operation at the beginning of the past year, when actual preparation for an exhibition, in the way of erecting buildings, beautifying grounds, etc., was begun. Once having been undertaken, nothing to secure the success of the enterprise has been left undone.



General View of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition Grounds, as seen from the top of the Agriculture Building

The site of the Exposition is a splendid tract of blue grass land, two hundred acres in extent, just on the edge of the city of Nashville. It is highly cultivated and extensively shaded, having heretofore been used as a public park. The location is considerably elevated, a beautiful view of the city being obtainable from it. It has been pronounced by experts who have inspected it as one of the most magnificent and fitting sites for an Exposition in the world. The park has undergone changes to suit it to

Building, the Agriculture Building, the Machinery Building, the Transportation Building, the Minerals and Forestry Building, the Horticulture Hall, Live Stock Arena, History Building, Woman's Building, the Children's Building, the Negro Building, U. S. Government Building, Auditorium, and Administration Building.

The department of exhibits will be divided into fifteen specific classes, which will be arranged in these buildings. They will be: The department of Fine



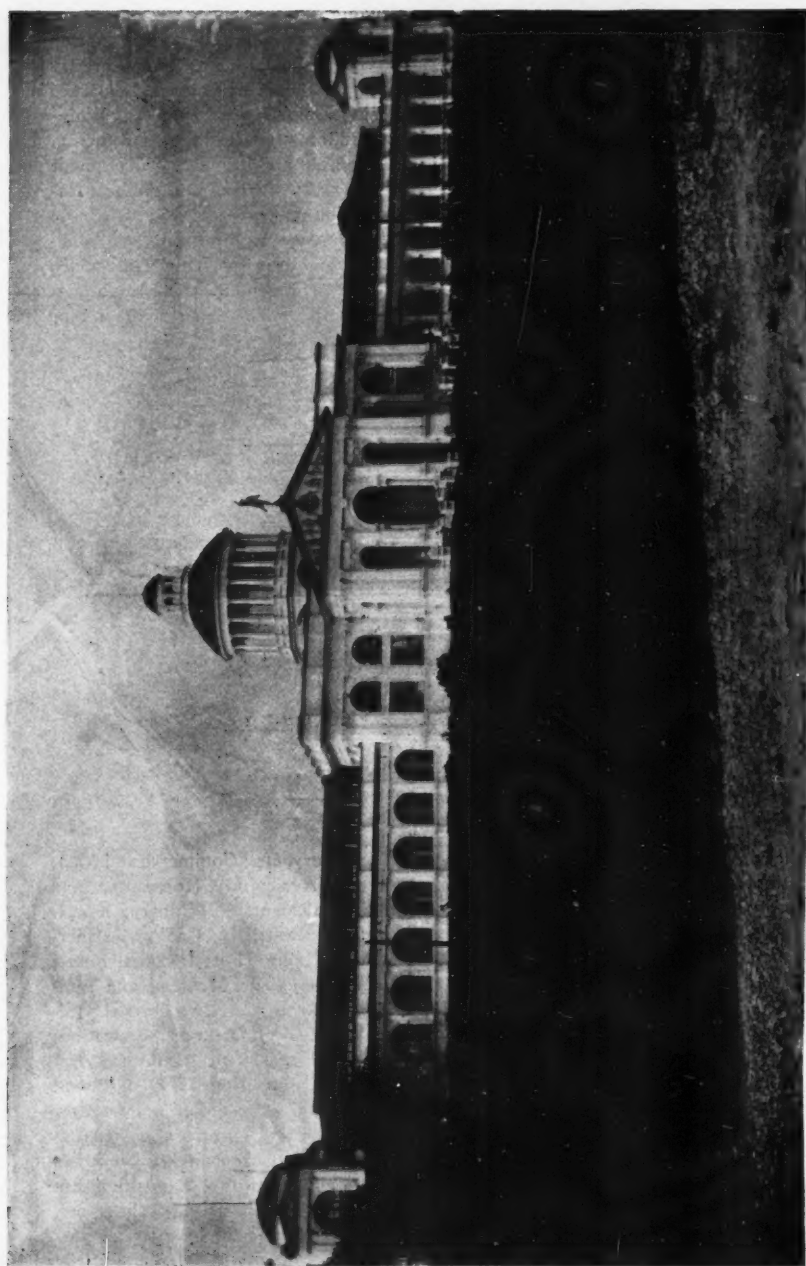
The Auditorium

the convenience and beauty of the Exposition. Two magnificent lakes have been introduced and a third, to be known as Lake Sevier, located in the eastern end, is almost completed. Heavy terraces have been raised and miles of walks, drives and by-paths have been leveled and macadamized. When completed, the place will present a most beautiful and charming sight. With the tall blue grass standing everywhere about and the groups of refreshing shade trees and the clumps and clusters and slopes of bright-hued flowers and verdant shrubbery, the prospect will be, to say the least, pleasant to behold.

Fifteen main buildings will be comprised in the Exposition. These are named the Parthenon, the Commerce

Arts, History, etc.; Commerce and Manufactures; Agriculture, Horticulture and Farm Implements; Machinery; Transportation; Electricity; Geology, Minerals and Mining; Forestry and Forest Products; Hygiene, Medicine and Sanitary Appliances; Live Stock, Pet Animals and Poultry; Military; Education; Woman's Department; Children's Department, and Negro Department. There will, also, be a Foreign Department, which will contain classified exhibits, as above, from foreign countries. The buildings of the Exposition are magnificent specimens of architecture, splendid and graceful in their proportions, and elaborate in detail and finish. Some of them are especially large, covering acres of ground. They are all of





Commerce Building

pure white, their exterior coating being of a high grade staff, carefully selected and artistically applied, the effect of the whole given and being most impressive and beautiful, and reminding one forcibly—together with the quality of the architecture—of a quaint and restful marble city, sitting alone.

The Parthenon will be the principal building of the Exposition. It is a perfect reproduction of the Parthenon of the Acropolis at Athens and will be the

At these ends broad doors open out upon the double-columned porticos. There are no windows in the building. The light furnished comes from the roof, which is, in fact, one long window, or skylight, of itself. The other details of the interior are carried out on the lines of the world's best galleries to secure the very best effects for the masterpieces of canvas and sculpture.

While not so elaborate nor imposing as the Parthenon, the Commerce Build-



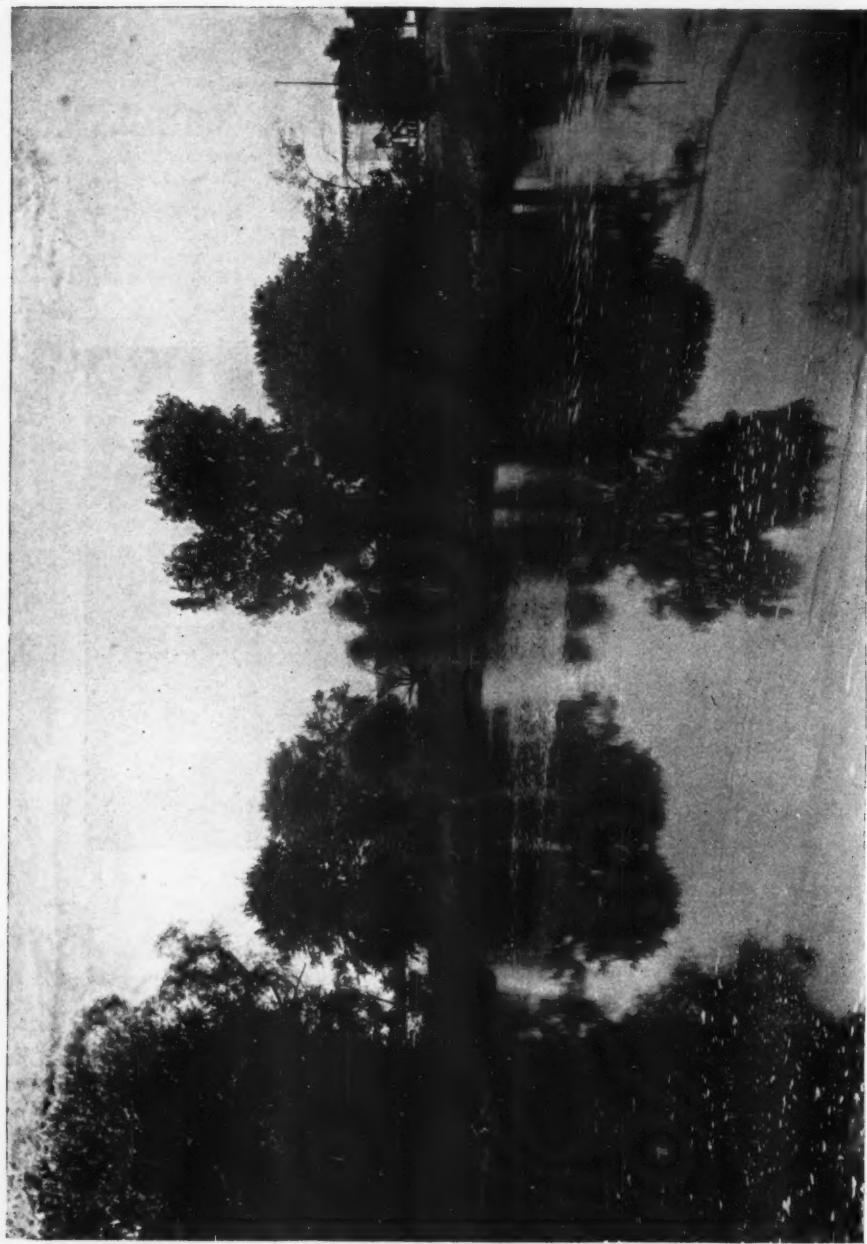
Machinery Building

Exposition's centrepiece. It is located on what might be termed the Acropolis of the Exposition grounds—that is, its most elevated and prominent portion.

The building will be given up to the use of the fine arts exclusively. For this purpose it has been made fireproof. The walls of the cellar are entirely of brick and the edifice otherwise has been constructed to resist fire.

The interior arrangement of the Parthenon is most elaborate. Its naves are in the shape of great Greek crosses, forming a square gallery at either end and two apartments, or alcoves, in the centre.

ing is another splendid specimen of beautiful architecture, and, at the same time, is the largest building on the Exposition grounds. It will contain the exhibits of the manufactures and liberal arts. Its dimensions are 500x315 feet, and it is built in the shape of the letter "T." Its architecture is of very striking and picturesque method and effect. It has two wings, each 150 feet wide and crowned on either end with double domes. A great dome arises in the middle from the front facade to a height of 175 feet. The great hollow cavity of this



Lake Watauga, a beautiful spot on the Exposition Grounds

lofty, rotund tower is one of the principal things that will attract the attention of the multitude on entering the building.

The interior of the Commerce building is of very simple and convenient arrangement. To the right and left—down along the wings—run three great aisles, on either side of which are spaces for exhibits, the area being broken into circular form at the centre for special features. A central pavilion runs back 315

heroic mould, stands out over the east portico, the pediment beneath presenting the seal of Tennessee and sculpture symbolical of the contents of the building. The style of architecture is Graeco-Roman. In this building will be the toilets and lavatories for the public in ample supply, as they were in the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair.

The Agriculture building is very little smaller than the Commerce building,



Transportation Building

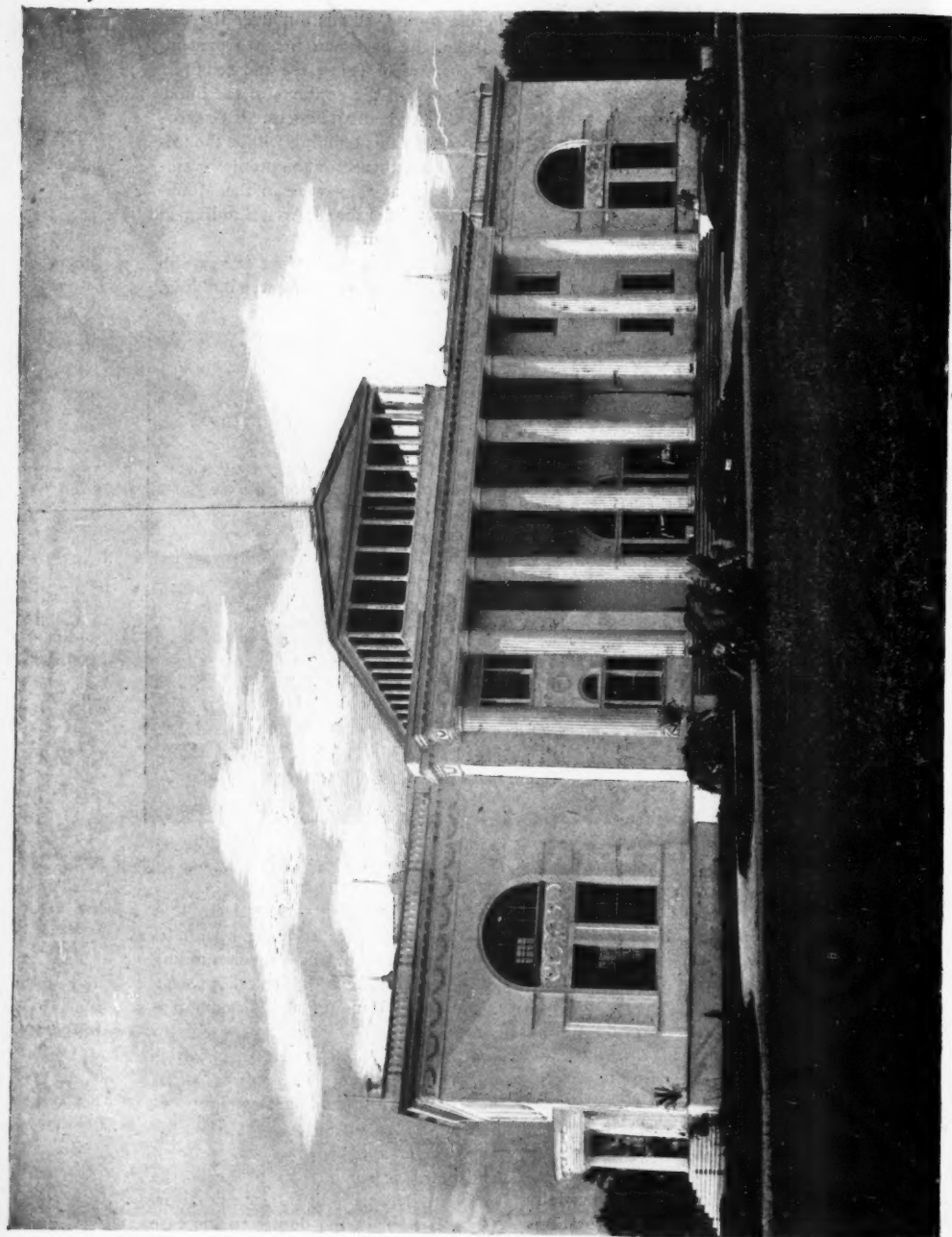
feet, forming, beyond the dome, a special section which will be given over to the Foreign Exhibit.

Two galleries extend the length of the base of the dome, at the centre, measuring 160x42 feet. From the ends of these galleries the visitor may go out on broad promenades extending to the extremities of the edifice or ascend to the observatory at the top of the dome.

The outside of the building is very handsome. Its shapely windows, its entire snowy coat of staff, relieved by statues and bas-relief ornamentations show it off to splendid effect. A striking bronze statue of Mercury, in

its dimensions being 525x175 feet. It is in the Renaissance style, and with its great central dome and six surrounding smaller ones, at regular intervals, present a most commanding and pleasing appearance.

The interior arrangement of this building is unique. The outlines of its floor plan are broken in peculiar ways, setting off the displays to attractive effect. Over the principal doors, front and rear, are splendid arch effects, the end entrances passing through porticos. Glass is used in the domes to increase the light on the exhibits. Ample provision will be made in this building for



Women's Building

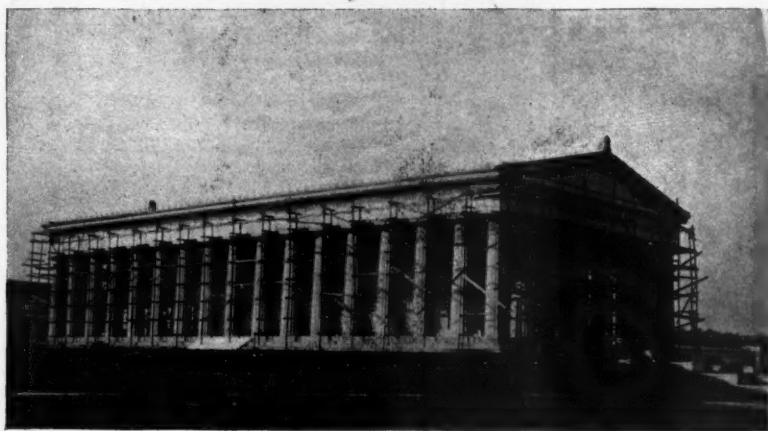


perhaps the most extensive display of farm machinery that has ever been brought together, also of farm products, it being the intention to place the implements and products of the field in juxtaposition, to get the increased and direct effect.

The Machinery building is a great, broad, magnificent rectangular structure, 375x138 feet in extent, of the Greek-Doric pattern. It is a prototype of the

Lake Watauga on its one side and a long shady avenue on the other. The dimensions of this building are 400x120 feet. Railroad tracks run through it, the entrances from the north being sufficiently large for the admission of engines and trains. The balance of the floor space is divided into blocks of different sizes for the reception of smaller vehicles and other displays.

The Minerals and Forestry building



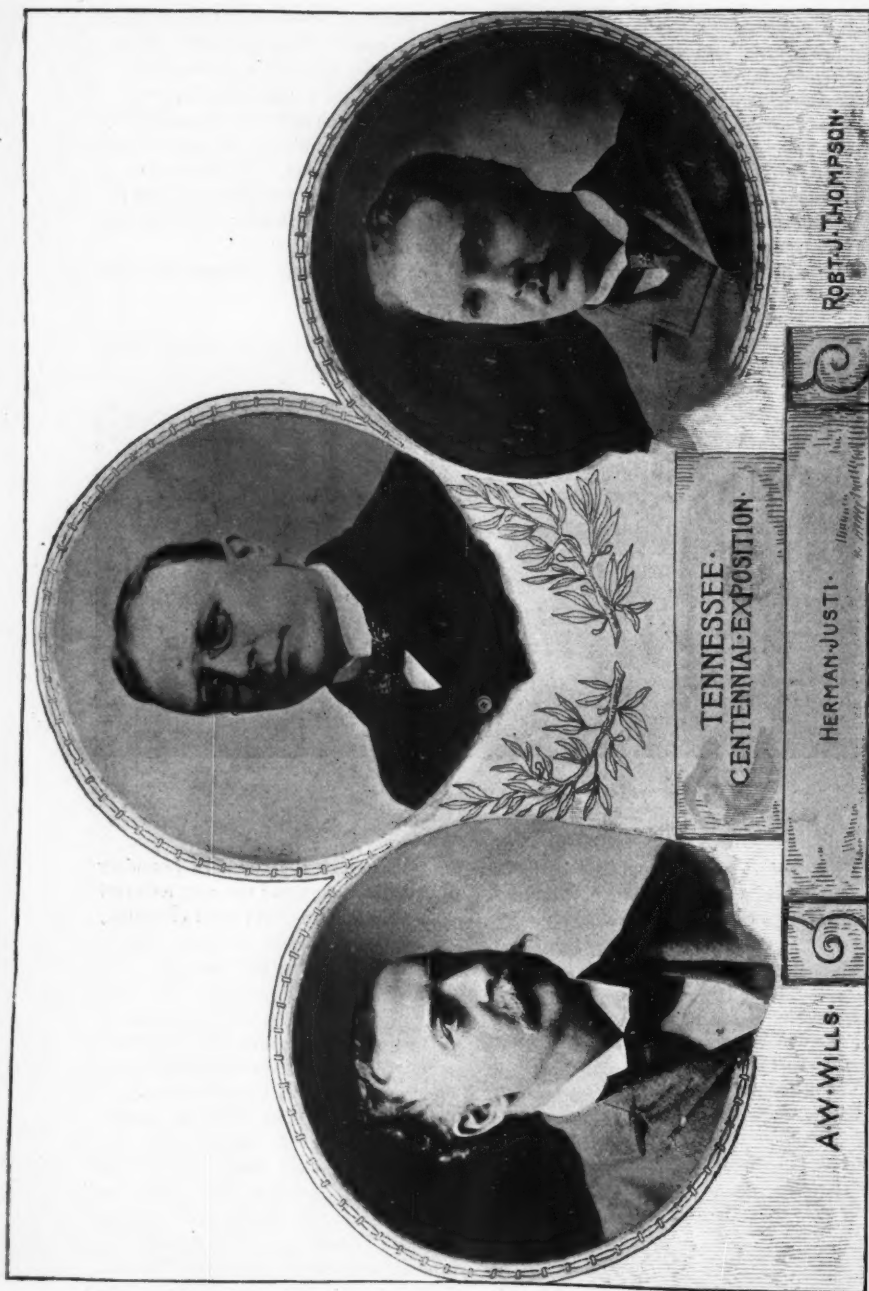
"The Parthenon," Art Building

Parthenon of the Acropolis and the famous Propylaeum of Munich, combined. Its appearance at first gives out the impression of the peculiar, but on closer observation its outlines and proportions develop into the beautiful.

An esplanade, with handsome urns of tropical plants surrounds it. In order to prevent additional heat in the building during the summer months and also to make a more perfect classification of the exhibits, a special house has been built, called the Power House, in which all the steam propellers and other great engines will be placed.

The Transportation building rests between the Commerce and Agriculture buildings in the Exposition grounds, lying just west of the Parthenon, with

stands between the southern boundary of Lake Watauga and the northern end of Lake Katherine, and most effectually ornaments the sides of these artificial lakes. It is of Roman-Doric style and in dimension is 400x125 feet. It is the especial intention in this building to make a splendid display of the wonderful mineral and timber resources of the middle part of the United States. In the south end of the building marble, onyx, sandstone, etc., will be shown; in the north end all grades and kinds of coal and the countless varieties of timber. A section of native Tennessee marble, dressed, will be made particularly attractive. The geological strata will be here illustrated and the topography of the country shown in

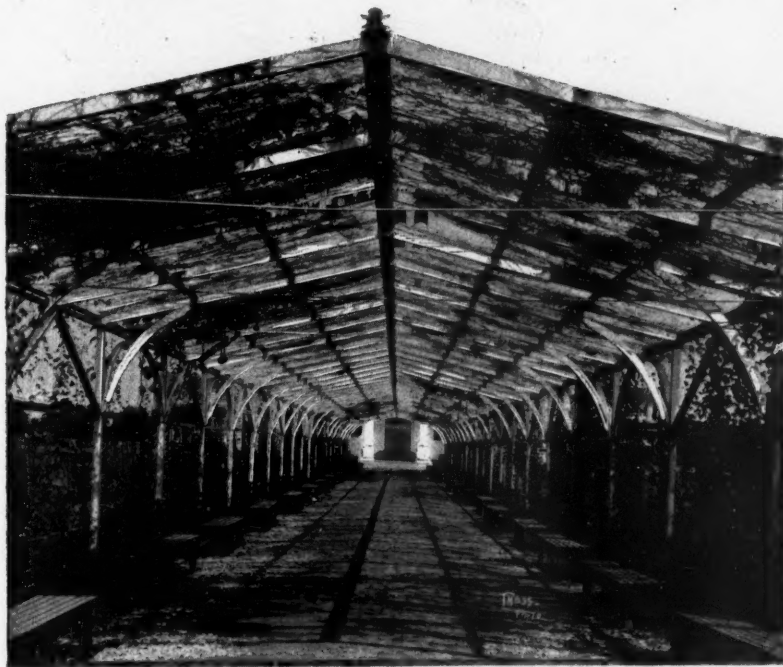


Officers of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition

relief. Also the instruments used in reducing the forests and in developing mines.

The Woman's building will be one of the most interesting buildings of the Exposition. Its design was the work of a woman, and it was copied after the Hermitage, President Andrew Jackson's old residence, which stands just out of Nashville. To the graceful colonial lines

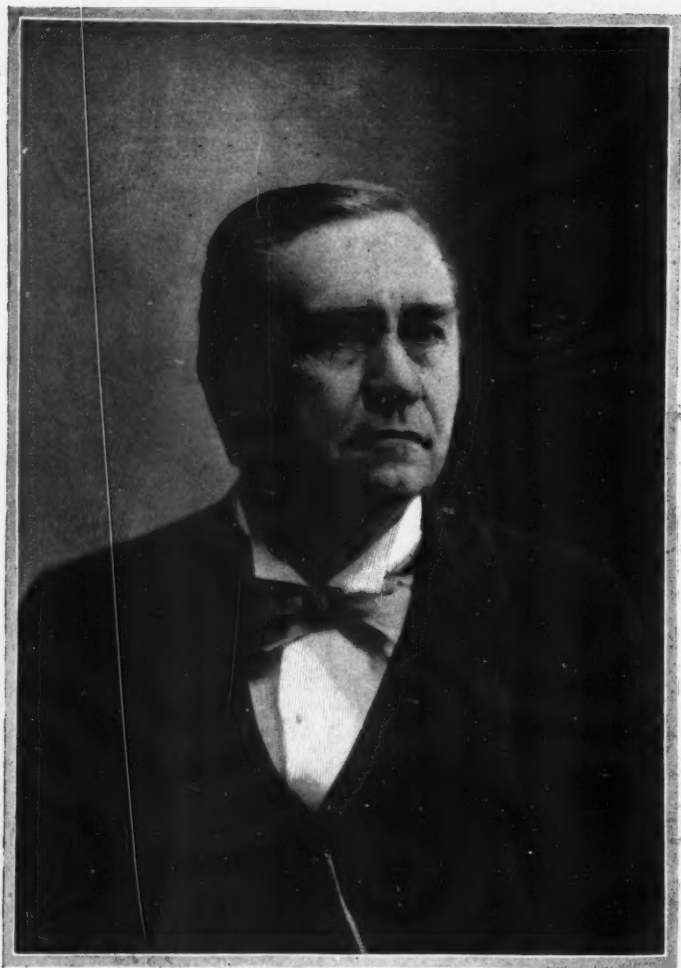
the Assembly Hall for congresses and public meetings, under control of the Woman's Board. Other rooms are provided for the various arts and industries in which women have been prominent—one for patents by women, another for books and musical compositions. A cabin of cedar logs will be erected near the building and furnished in the old Colonial style.



An Arbor on the Exposition Grounds

of this old Southern home have been added touches of the Greek, and the result is one of the most simply beautiful structures in the Exposition grounds. Inside the arrangement is just as attractive and complete. A rotunda extends through the two stories, with a grand staircase leading up from the rear, which latter is lighted by a magnificent circular window of many colors. In the midst of this rotunda fountains will play and palms and statuary rest fresh and luxuriant. To the left of the entrance is

The Children's building is a most delightful little affair and reminds one, happily, of a beloved toy house enlarged. It is a small, square, two-story edifice, with a double portico and imitation gable in front and two miniature, square wings on either end. Of course, it will be given up to children and to children's things exclusively. And it is well arranged for that purpose. A large room in the centre of the structure is provided for exercises for the school youths,



Major John W. Thomas, President Tennessee Centennial Exposition

which same exercises, conducted on successive dates, will be repeated throughout the Exposition period by the pupils in all the schools of Tennessee. Another room will be set aside for the exhibition of the work of children, and another section for the representation of whatever is of interest or use to them. This latter collection will be especially complete, as it is being gathered from all over the world by special agents. A park of tame

deer will be kept in the rear of this building, at the little ones' service, and in front there will be a high tower, with silver chimes in the belfry.

The History building has been constructed of corrugated iron, to make it fireproof, and is in the form of a Greek cross, and will contain matter pertaining to the history of the United States, and particularly of Tennessee.

The Administration building is a

handsome structure, on the club house pattern, with hard wood interior and wide porches. Its broad verandas looking out on the great band stand, will be thrown open to the people when the gates of the Exposition are opened.

The Auditorium is of Colonial design, with Ionic suggestions, and is also in somewhat the shape of a cross. Four airy porticos extend from it on either side. Two colonnades pass, one on either side of the main entrance, around to the end porticos, furnishing a delightful promenade and resting place. The interior of the building is finished in hard wood. Its seating capacity is 6000, and the stage and band pit are large in proportion. A broad gallery extends around three sides of the building, and here, as well as on the main floor, comfortable seats have been provided. Above the colonnades are pleasant balconies for the viewing of pageants by day and electrical and fireworks displays by night. The tower is 140 feet high and affords a magnificent view of the Exposition.

The Government building, as is always the case with the Government's houses in such Expositions, is very simple and neat in design, though well arranged and amply commodious for its purpose.

Besides these buildings, there are numerous others for amusement and refreshment purposes, etc., together with the many Foreign, State and County buildings, society and fraternal headquarters, etc.

A novel feature of the Exposition will be the portion of it called "Vanity Fair." This is to be the amusement side of the Exposition, and is to serve the purpose in a minor way of the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair. Almost every kind of amusement ever invented for the delight of any class of people will be found here. Foreign villages, representing the nationalities of the world, queer animals, peculiar theatrical performances, remarkable dances, mazes, balloon ascensions and parachute drops, scenic railways, "shooting the chutes," reproductions of famous edifices and portions of streets, a lofty tower and a great wheel,

mechanical toys, bell ringers—all are on the list from which the menu for this delightful place is being selected.

The Rialto bridge is another attractive feature of the Exposition grounds. Everything within the Exposition has been arranged carefully and perfectly to meet the public pleasure and comfort. The lighting of the grounds and buildings will be by electricity. Wires, in underground conduits, have been laid for this purpose. Water will be furnished from city mains and deep wells. A perfect sewer system has been introduced. The park has been named Exposition Park.

The officers of the Exposition have been taken from the very first men of Tennessee and the South. Mr. John W. Thomas, the well-known President of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad, who was selected as President, and Mr. C. E. Lewis for Director-General of the Exposition, are two gentlemen among the most influential and most respected of the South and are of national reputation. Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, of Nashville, is President of the Woman's Board, and is the wife of Mr. Van Leer Kirkman, who is the First Vice President of the Exposition. She is one of the prominent women of the South and her influence, as well as the knowledge of her capacity, extend throughout the East and North and West as well. Miss Ada Scott Rice, who has been chosen secretary of the Women's Board, is one of the prominent unmarried women of Tennessee. Besides these, the other officers, the Board of Directors, the Executive Committee and other committees and the heads of the departments are made up of the very bone and sinew of the state and South. They are: W. A. Henderson, of Knoxville, Tenn., Second Vice President; John Overton, Jr., of Memphis, Third Vice President, and Charles E. Curry, Secretary.

Of the Executive Committee: E. E. Barthell, J. W. Thomas, Jr., Samuel M. Murphy, G. H. Baskette, J. H. McDowell, M. J. Dalton, Horace E. Palmer, Horace H. Lurton, A. H. Robinson, W.



L. Dudley, E. W. Cole, Tully Brown, Luke E. Wright, W. H. Jackson, J. W. Baker, J. Norduventu, J. C. Neely, Thos. D. Fite, J. H. Fall, Jno. J. McCann, B. F. Wilson and H. W. Buttorff.

Department of Administration, on the staff of E. C. Lewis, Director-General: W. H. Bruce, Chief Clerk; A. W. Wills, Commissioner-General; S. J. Keith, Chairman Finance Committee; S. A. Champion, General Counsel;

Chiefs of Departments: Promotion and Publicity, Henry Justi; Fine Arts, Architecture and History, Theo. Cooley; Commerce and Liberal Arts, J. H. Bruce; Agriculture, Horticulture and Farm Implements, T. F. P. Allison; Transportation, J. W. Thomas, Jr.; Machinery, W. T. Magruder; Electricity, J. W. Braid; Geology, Minerals and Mining, J. M. Stafford; Forestry and Forest Products, A. E. Braid; Live Stock,



Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, President of the Women's Department

Frank Goodman, Auditor; W. P. Tanner, Treasurer, and C. T. Berry, Secretary.

Grounds and Buildings: Robert T. Creighton, Engineer in Charge; W. B. Felts, Secretary; Eastman G. Curry, Commandant of the Guard.

Committee on Installation of Exhibits: W. L. Dudley, J. H. Bruce, A. H. Robinson, J. H. Eakin, M. S. Lebeck.

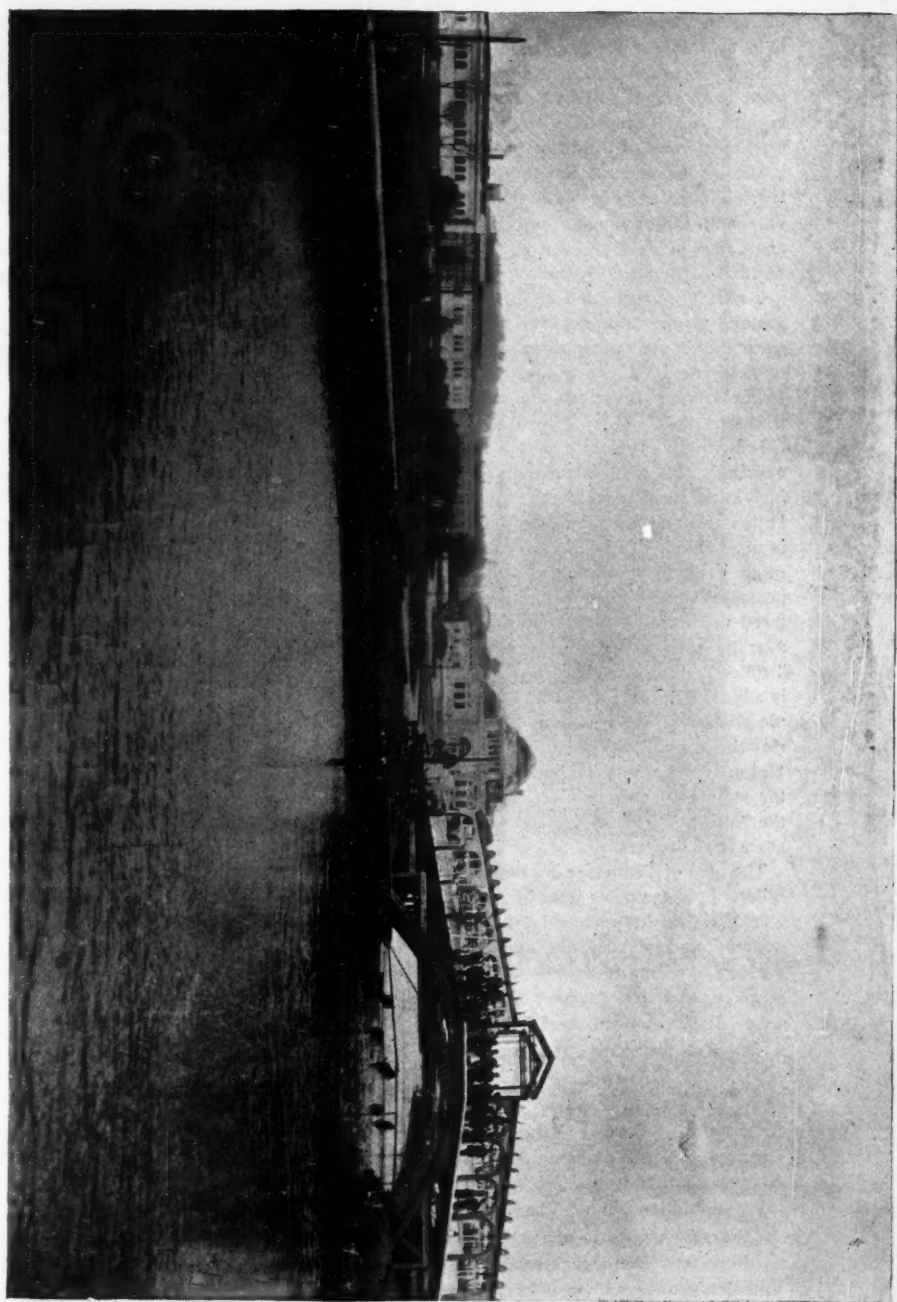
Committee on Privileges and Concessions: E. E. Barthell, W. C. Collier, O. J. Timothy, Jno. J. McCann, James L. De Merville.

Pet Animals and Poultry, Van L. Kirkman; Education, W. L. Dudley; Military, Charles Sykes; Children's W. T. Davis; Hygiene, Medicine and Sanitary Appliances, J. D. Plunket.

Negro Department: J. C. Napier.

In charge of the Foreign Department of the Exposition is Mr. A. Macchi, who, it will be remembered, was connected with the Foreign Commission of the World's Fair of 1893.

In connection with its hundredth birthday, a word about the state of Ten-



Rialto Bridge, an attractive feature of the Fair Grounds

nessee, in whose honor the Exposition is to be held, might not be amiss.

Since its admission to the Union no state of the South has advanced more rapidly than Tennessee. It is considered today one of the most prosperous in the whole southern territory. It has four cities—Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville and Chattanooga—that are reckoned among the prominent cities of the South. Agriculturally, the state is rich; it is rich in minerals and its forests give grateful yield. Iron, coal, marble, hard wood timber are among its products and it yields them in enormous quantities. Its field crops never fail and vary but slightly.

Industrially, the state is rapidly advancing. Its manufactures have been increasing steadily for decades of years. In the arts and sciences, in education it is not behind. Today, besides its thorough equipment of public schools, it possesses some of the most famous chartered institutions of the country. The average intelligence of the people of Tennessee is high. The state's climate is admirable. It is the boast of its people that somewhere within its boundaries the climate of every quarter of the Union may be found. To some extent the state grows every crop reported in the National Census. Its mean temperature is 58 degrees.

The area of Tennessee is 42,050 square miles. It is 432 miles long by 109 miles wide. It lies between a latitude of 35 degrees and 36 degrees, 30 minutes north, and a longitude of 81 degrees, 37 minutes, and 90 degrees, 28 minutes west. It slopes from the Unaka mountains, 5,000 feet above the sea, on the east, to the Mississippi River, 300 feet above the sea, on the west. It touches eight states—Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri.

Its population is more than 2,000,000.

Tennessee's gifts to the nation have not been few. Among them were three Presidents, one of whom was the greatest that ever sat in the nation's chair.

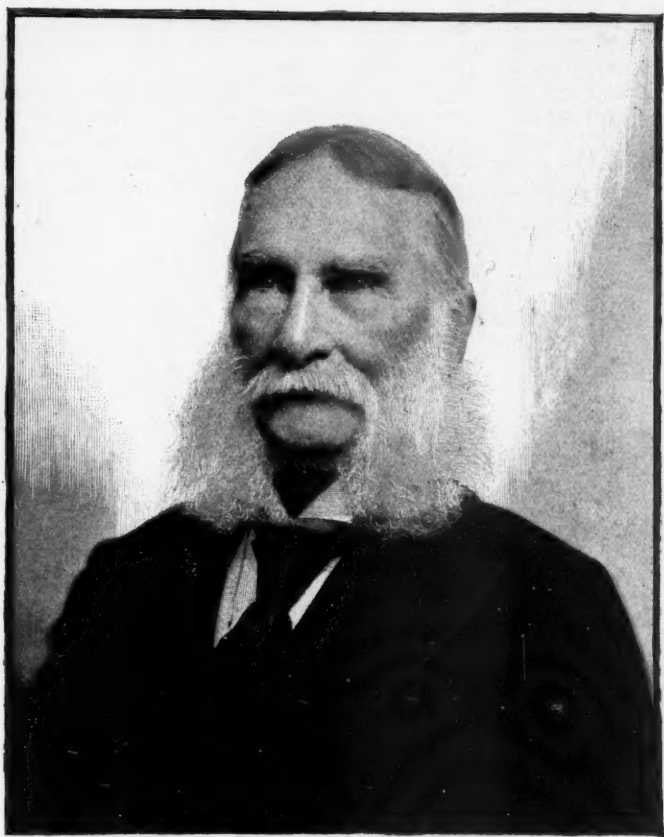
And if in peace Tennessee is prosperous and in statesmanship distinguished, in war she is not behind. By her prompt and noble action during the late contest she drew down on herself the ever glorious title "The Volunteer State."

Nashville, the city of the Exposition, was founded in 1780, sixteen years before the state of Tennessee was admitted into the Union. Its population in 1860 was 75,000; in 1870, 40,000; in 1880, 60,000; in 1890, 100,000; and it has today, with its suburban towns, 150,000 people. The city is situated on both banks of the Cumberland River, near the centre of the Central Basin of Tennessee, a region unsurpassed in fertility of soil and beauty of landscape. One night's ride will bring the inhabitants of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, Montgomery, Ala., and Atlanta to its gates.

The city is thoroughly lighted by gas and electricity, and the streets throughout are paved with granite, vitrified brick, asphalt, or hard rolled macadam. As a city of health, it is equal to any in the United States. The spring, summer and fall months—those during which the Exposition will be held—are not as warm in its locality as in the more southern country, nor are they so hot as in the great cities of the North.

Historically, the city was the home of Andrew Jackson and James Knox Polk, and their tombs and old residence places are among the numerous attractions Nashville has to offer the stranger today. It was the seat of the operations of the late war, in the West, and is surrounded by battlefields. Stone's River, Franklin, Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Perryville, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge are within easy reach of it.

Educationally, Nashville is well equipped. Besides the nineteen magnificent public schools within its own limits it has over eighty universities, colleges, seminaries, academies and private schools. This array of institutions of learning justly entitle it to its national appellation of the "Athens of the South."



Lieutenant-General James Longstreet

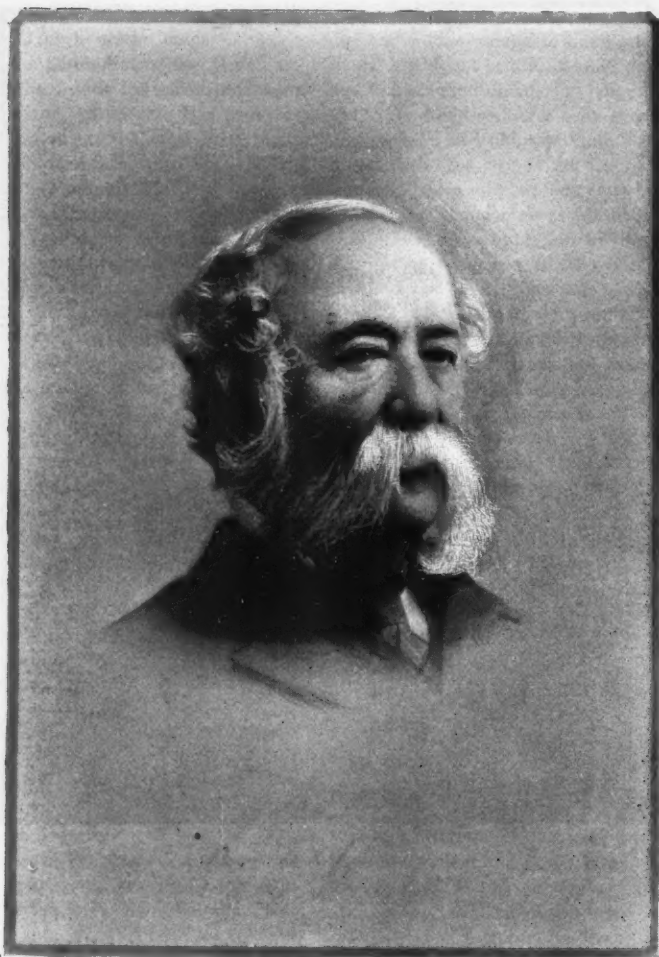
## THE SURVIVING LEADERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

BY FRANK ASTOR NEWTON

**I**F there was any one impression of note that made itself felt more keenly than others at the Richmond reunion last July of the Veterans of the South, it was the fact that peace claims its victims as well as war. During the thirty odd years that have elapsed since the cessation of hostilities, more wearers of the blue and the gray have received their summons to leave the ranks than the total number of lives yielded in the fortunes of war. A skeleton of its

former self would be the roster of the Confederate Army were it possible to be read today. The incursions of time have been most naturally severe among the leaders, as many of them were well advanced in life when the war broke out. President Davis, not by any means among the last to survive, died in 1889. Previous to that in 1870 occurred the death of the greatest leader of all, General Robert E. Lee.

All the members, save one, of Presi-



Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton

dent Davis' cabinet, from March, 1892, to the end of the war, have passed away. This includes Secretary of State Benjamin, Secretaries of Treasury Memminger and Trenholm, Secretaries of War Randolph, Seddon, Smith and Breckenridge, and Attorney-Generals Watts and Davis. The only surviving member is the Postmaster-General, John H. Reagan, who since the war has prominently represented Texas in Congress.

As the interest which still exists concerning the Confederacy is approximately the same thing as the interest which attaches itself to the men who composed it, our purpose becomes that to speak briefly in a biographical way of the leaders of the Confederacy who still survive.

Postmaster-General John H. Reagan was born in Sevier County, Tennessee, in 1818, leaving this state after a seminary education for employment in Tex-

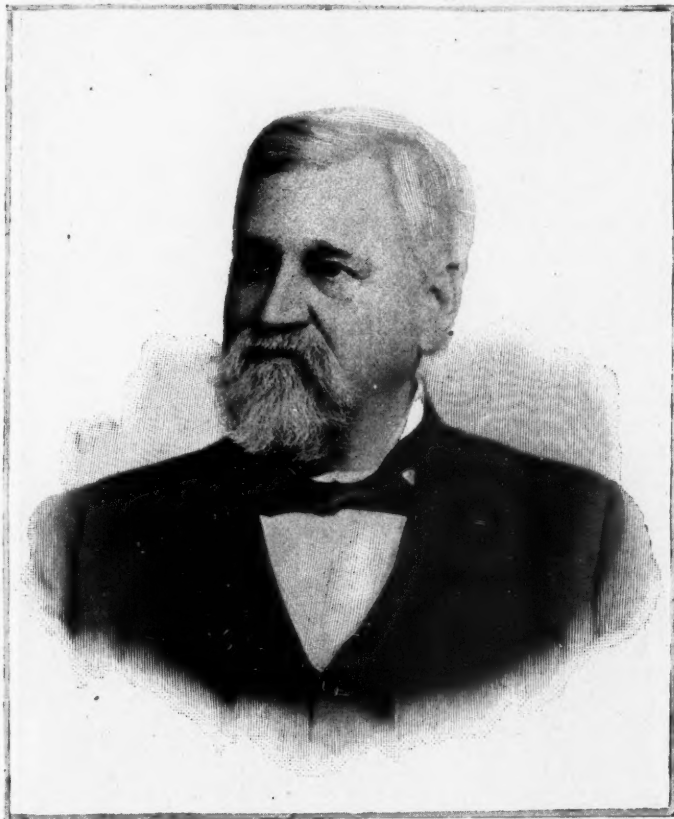


as, where business prospects were better.

He entered Texas in 1839, with a few articles of clothing tied up in a handkerchief, and a ten-dollar bill on the Holly Springs bank of Mississippi, which was worth fifty cents on the dol-

veyor for a very large territory, spending two years in this pursuit. In 1841 he was in General Jim Smith's command, which went to the cross-timbers, west of where Dallas is, to drive the hostile Indians further from them.

In 1844 General Reagan became a



Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee

lar. In June he enlisted as a volunteer in the army of Texas, participating in the battles with the Cherokee and other tribes of Indians. A day or two after the last battle, he was offered a second lieutenancy in the regular army of the Republic of Texas, but being under 21, declined the appointment. In the fall of 1839 he was appointed a deputy sur-

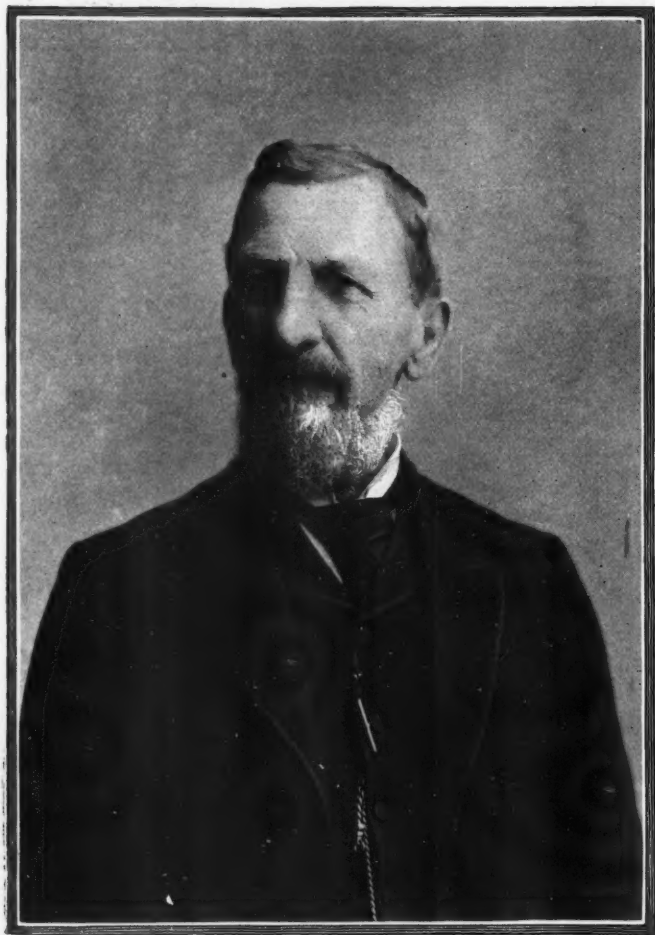
pioneer settler in what is now Kaufman County, and opened a small farm, and had a small stock of cattle and horses there. The same year he commenced the study of the law, without the aid of a preceptor, receiving two years later a temporary license to practice law in the district and inferior courts of the State. The same year he was elected

probate judge and colonel of militia of Henderson county.

In 1852 General Reagan was elected judge of the State District Court for the old 9th judicial district, for a term

Congress, because he felt that a Southern representative could no longer sit there and maintain his self-respect.

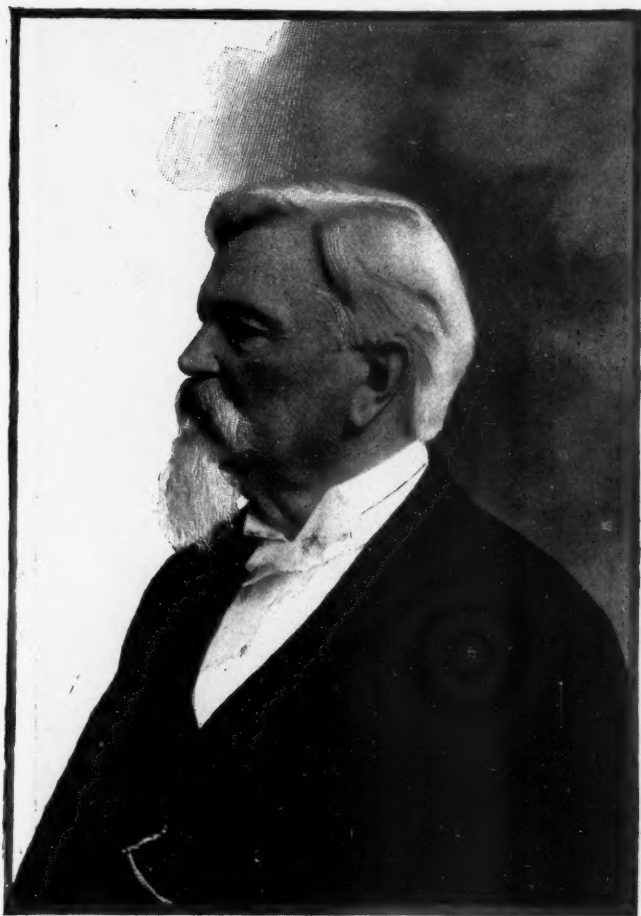
On the 6th of March, 1861, he was appointed Postmaster-General of the pro-



Lieutenant-General Alexander P. Stewart

of six years. In 1857, five years later, he was nominated and elected to the Congress of the United States, having resigned as judge to make the race. In 1859 he was again elected to Congress. In February 1861, he left his seat in

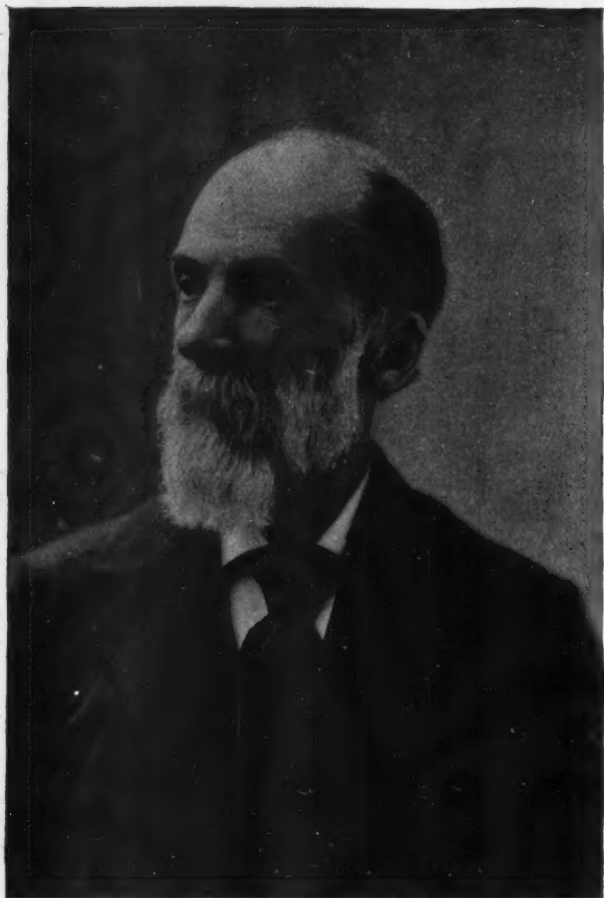
visional government of the Confederacy by President Jefferson Davis, and served in that position and also as a member of the provisional Congress until the permanent government was organized in February, 1862. He was



Lieutenant-General A. B. Buckner

then appointed Postmaster-General under that government by President Davis, continuing in that office until the fall of the Confederacy in 1865. On the 10th of May, 1865, he was captured by the Federal forces, and made a prisoner of war, along with President Davis, Governor Lubbock, Col. Wm. Preston Johnston and others. They were taken by way of Macon, Atlanta and Augusta to Savannah, Georgia, and from thence by sea to Hampton Roads, Virginia. Vice-President Stephens was added to the number at Augusta, Georgia. At

Hampton Roads, Vice-President Stephens and General Reagan were separated from the other prisoners, and sent to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, where they were detained as prisoners until October of that year, when General Reagan returned to Texas under parole as a prisoner. He remained disfranchised until 1875. During that year his political disabilities were removed by act of Congress. And the same year, 1875, he was again elected to the Congress of the United States, the 44th Congress. In the several years of 1877,



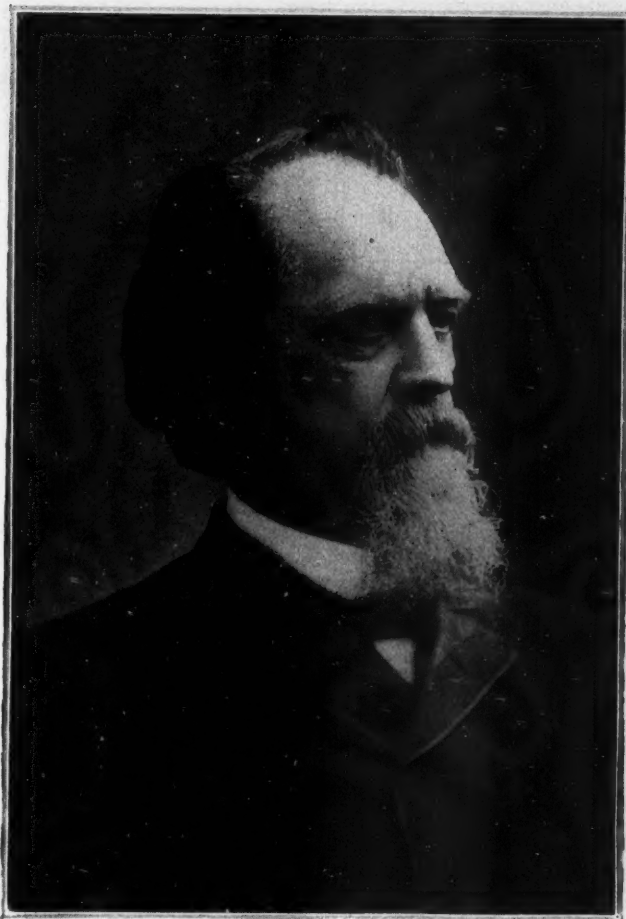
Lieutenant-General Joseph Wheeler. Senior Cavalry General of the Confederate Armies

1879, 1881, 1883, 1885 and 1887, he was re-elected to the Congress of the United States. But he did not serve in that body under his election in 1887, because of his being that year elected to the Senate of the United States for six years. In this position he served four years, resigning in 1891 to accept an appointment as Railroad Commissioner for Texas. This position he holds at the present time.

The leading military officers under President Davis, have shared the same

fate as his cabinet members. All of the generals, Lee, Cooper, A. S. Johnston, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Smith and Hood, have sheathed their sword for the last time. Of the twenty-one lieutenant-generals only seven now remain. Of this list General Longstreet's name very naturally takes precedence.

Born in Edgefield, S.C., in 1821, General James Longstreet, the senior living Confederate officer, received, on his reaching the age of seventeen, an ap-



Lieutenant-General James B. Gordon

pointment from Alabama to the West Point Military Academy. Graduating in 1842, he was immediately assigned to the Fourth Infantry, and soon saw service in Missouri, in Louisiana on the frontier, and in some engagements of the Mexican War. For gallant conduct in these latter he was raised to the rank of major. In 1861 he resigned from the regular army to join the Confederate forces, of which he was at once appointed brigadier-general. He first won distinction in the battle of Bull

Run, where he prevented a large force of Federal troops from supporting McDowell's flank movement. At the second Bull Run he commanded First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, which came so promptly to the relief of Jackson when he was hard pressed by Pope's army, and by a determined flank charge decided the fortunes of the day. He led the right wing of his same division at Gettysburg, and tried to dissuade Lee from ordering the disastrous charge on the





Postmaster-General John A. Reagan. The Sole Survivor of President Davis's Cabinet

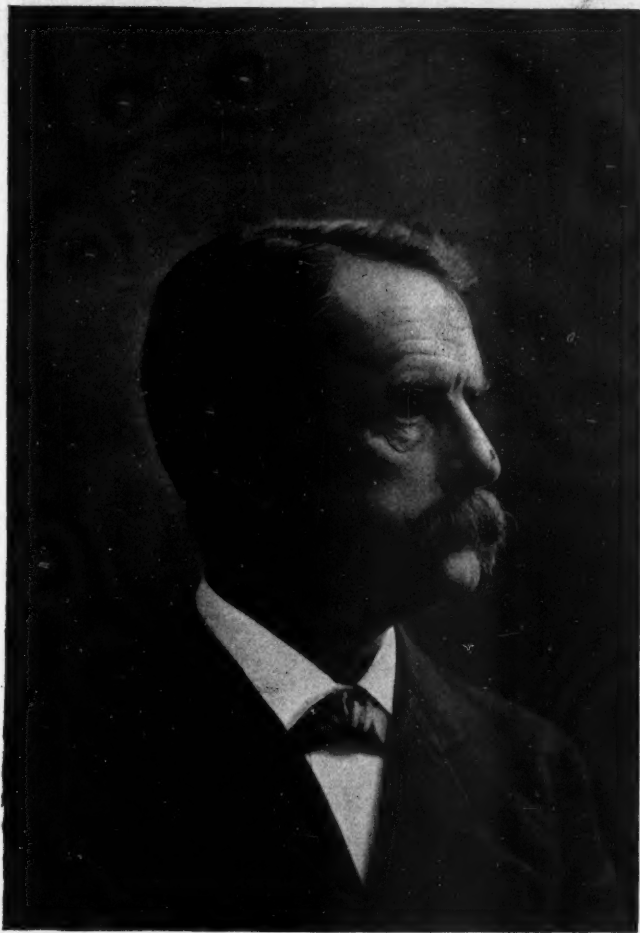
third day. When Lee returned to Virginia, Longstreet was transferred to the Army of Tennessee. He rejoined Lee early in 1864, and was so prominent in the battle of the Wilderness as to be wounded by the fire of his own men. He was in the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

Throughout the army he was familiarly known as "Old Pete," and was considered as stubborn a fighter as the Confederate service boasted. He always inspired the utmost confidence of

his men, and the whole army was prompted with increased ardor when it became known down the lines that "Old Pete" was up. General Longstreet after the war took up his residence in New Orleans, where he established the commission house of Longstreet, Owens & Co. He was later appointed Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans by President Grant, and afterwards Supervisor of Internal Revenue in Louisiana and postmaster at New Orleans. In 1880, under President Hayes' admin-

istration, he was sent as United States Minister to Turkey, while under Garfield he was United States Marshal for the district of Georgia.

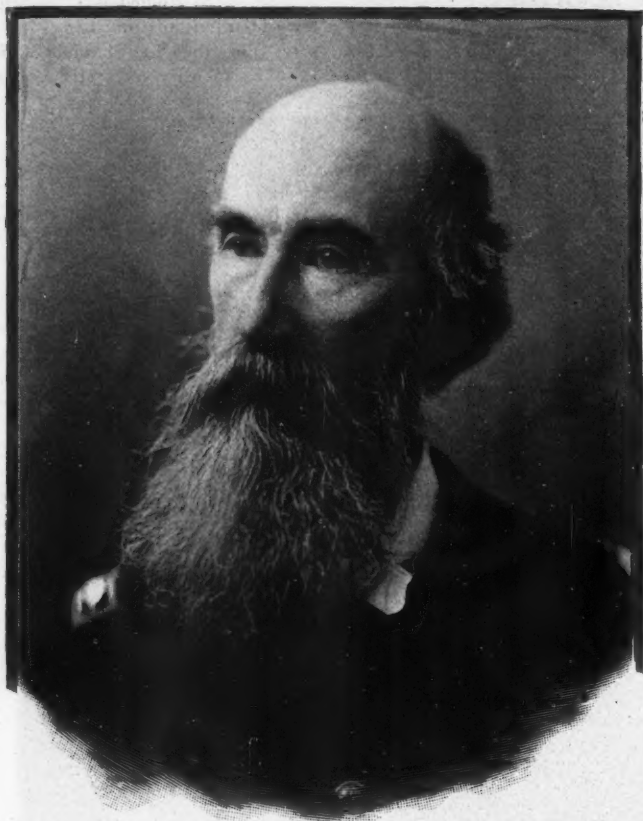
and afterward studied law, but without the intention of practising it. He served in the Legislature of South Carolina in early life. His earlier life



R. G. H. Kean. Chief of the Bureau of War

General Wade Hampton, following Longstreet in order, is the third of the same name, his grandfather having served with distinction in the Revolutionary War under Marion and Sumter. Wade Hampton was born in Columbia, S. C., in 1818, was graduated at the University of South Carolina,

was, however, devoted to his plantation interests in South Carolina and Mississippi and to the pursuits of a man of fortune. When the civil war commenced Hampton enlisted as a private, but soon raised a command of infantry, cavalry and artillery, which was known as "Hampton's Legion," and

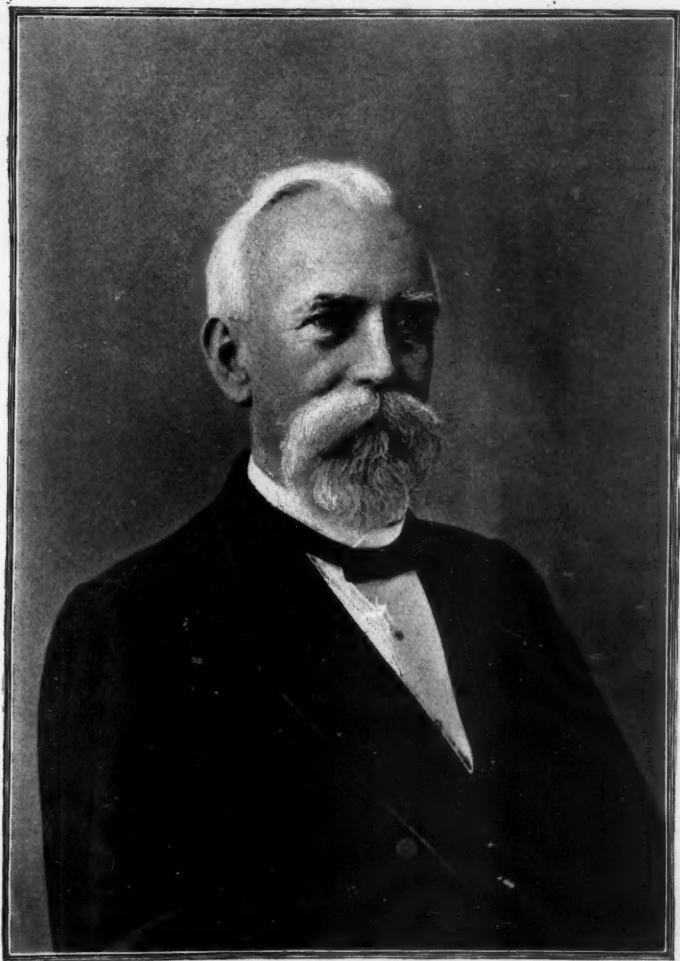


John M. Brook. Chief of Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography of the Navy Department

won distinction in the war. Soon afterward he was made brigadier-general of cavalry and assigned to General J. E. B. Stuart's command. He distinguished himself at Gettysburg, receiving three wounds; was made a major-general, with rank from August 3, 1863. In 1864, after several days' fighting, he gave Sheridan a check at Trevillian's Station, and in twenty-three days he captured over three thousand prisoners, with a loss of seven hundred and nineteen men. He was made commander of Lee's cavalry in August, with the rank of lieutenant-general. Hampton was soon afterwards detached to take command of J. E. Johnston's cavalry,

and did what he could to arrest the advance of Sherman's army northward from Savannah in the spring of 1865. After the war he engaged in cotton planting. In 1876 he was nominated for Governor of South Carolina and elected. In the same year he was elected to the United States Senate, and re-elected in 1884. In 1893 he was appointed by President Cleveland United States Commissioner of Railroads, which position he still holds.

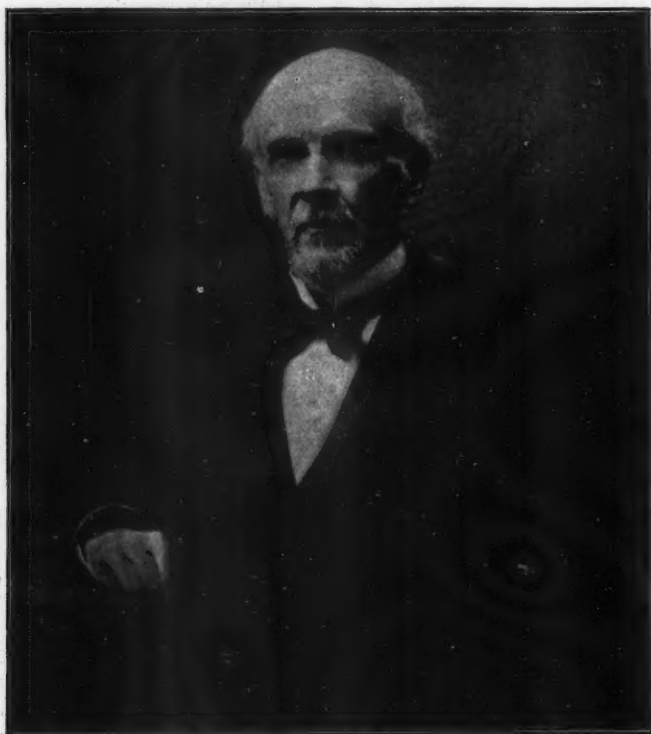
Following General Hampton comes General A. P. Stewart, who was born in 1821, at Rogersville, East Tennessee. He was appointed a cadet in the United States Military Academy in 1838; grad-



Colonel F. R. Lubbock

uated in 1842 as second lieutenant, Third artillery. In 1843 he was an assistant to the professor of mathematics, resigning in 1845 from the army. He was professor of mental and natural philosophy in Cumberland and Nashville Universities until 1860; then major of artillery in Tennessee Artillery corps at Columbus, Ky., and battle of Belmont. He was brigadier general in the Kentucky campaign and was

major-general in command of division, at Chattanooga in Chickamauga campaign and battle, in the battle of Missionary Ridge, in the Georgia campaign of 1864. He was lieutenant general at Atlanta; with Hood in his campaign in Tennessee, at Franklin and Nashville; with Joe Johnson again in North Carolina, and was at Cole's Farm. He returned to Cumberland University. From 1874 to 1886 he was the chancellor of



Colonel Wm. P. Johnston

the University of Mississippi. For the past few years he has been a commissioner of Chickamauga Park.

No general in the Army of Tennessee had more endeared himself to his troops than General A. P. Stewart; and if they affectionately designated General Hardee as "Old Reliable," with equal affection they had bestowed the appellation of "Old Straight" on General Stewart. Quiet, modest, yet positive, without emphasizing his authority, he directed his command with but few orders. His appearance betokened such high moral character, such cool determination, such straightforward simplicity, that his troops seemed to catch by inspiration the orders he wished executed. When these came they were as straight as his nature, as

straight as the blow he gave in striking the foe.

Another lieutenant-general of the seven who now remain is John B. Gordon, at one time Governor of Georgia, and three times a United States Senator. He was born in Upson County, Georgia, in 1832, and educated at the University of Georgia. He read law and practised for a time in his native state.

In 1861 John B. Gordon joined the volunteers, and was elected captain of a company. He served to the close of the war, becoming in succession major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general and lieutenant-general, and at the close of the war commanded one wing of General Lee's army. In an official report of



General D. H. Hill, General Gordon was designated "the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate army," and it has been said of him that "no soldier in American arms ever made a record that surpassed in audacity and success the one marked out by Gordon." From first to last Gordon was in the front of affairs. He held the last lines at Petersburg and fought with stubborn valor for every inch of space. He guarded the retreat from the ill-fated city, and at Appomattox Court-house was put at the head of the 4,000 troops (half of Lee's army) who were intended to cut through Grant's line, had not Lee surrendered. He settled in Atlanta at the close of the war. In 1867, although he declined to allow the use of his name as candidate for Governor of Georgia, he was nominated, and according to his party, was elected and counted out by the reconstruction machinery. He was delegate at large to the national Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1872, was elected to the United States Senate that same year, and was re-elected in 1879. He resigned in 1880 and raised the money to build the Georgia Pacific railroad. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Georgia, was re-elected in 1888, and in 1890 was again elected United States Senator. His speech in the United States Senate in 1893, at the time of the Chicago strikes, pledging the South to maintain law and order, rang from one end of the country to the other. He has declined to allow the use of his name for re-election to the Senate at the expiration of his present term (1897), and will devote his time to lecturing. His great historic lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," has not only brought him personal success, but has done immense good in sealing the bonds of peace between the North and the South.

General Joseph Wheeler, who, during the war, made a brilliant record as a cavalry leader, is another of the leading officers now living. The death of General James E. B. Stuart, on May 11, 1864, made him Senior Cavalry Gen-

eral of the Confederate Armies. He was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1836. He was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1859, and assigned to the dragoons. In April, 1861, he resigned and entered the Confederate Army, and was soon made colonel of infantry. At Shiloh he commanded a brigade and covered the Confederate retreat from the field. In July, 1862, he was transferred to a cavalry command, and engaged in raiding Western Tennessee. He commanded the rear guard of the Confederate Army when it retreated into Tennessee, and in October was promoted brigadier general. On January 19, 1863, he received his commission as major-general. In May, 1863, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution thanking General Wheeler for his daring deeds and successful military operations. He commanded the cavalry at Chickamauga, and after the battle crossed the Tennessee river and fell upon Rosecrans' line of communications, defeating the force that was sent against him and destroying over 1,200 wagons, with stores. On this raid he succeeded in damaging National property to the value of \$3,000,000, and burnt bridges and destroyed Rosecrans' railroad communications. During the winter and spring he continually harassed the National troops, and, on the advance of General Sherman's army toward Atlanta, he opposed every movement, and fought almost daily, often with his men dismounted. On August 9, 1864, he was sent by General Hood to capture the National supplies, burn bridges and break up railways in the rear of General Sherman's army. When the Confederate commander became convinced of the impossibility of arresting Sherman's advance, Wheeler was sent in front of the invading army to prevent the National troops from raiding and foraging. He successfully defended the cities of Macon and Augusta with their vast arsenals and depots of supplies. General Wheeler received his promotion to the



Major-General George Washington Custis Lee. Son of Robert E. Lee

rank of lieutenant-general in February, 1865, and continued in charge of the cavalry under General Joseph E. Johnston until the surrender in April, 1865. After the war he studied law, which profession and the occupation of cotton planting he followed until 1880, when he was elected to Congress. General Wheeler has been elected eight times by continually increasing majorities. His speeches on the tariff, currency, and National election laws have attracted widespread attention, and are pronounced as among the ablest and most profound. He is regarded as authority upon military matters, the tariff and constitutional questions, and he is specially noted for his untiring devotion to his congressional district.

Among the other leading generals of the late war stands prominently the name of General Stephen D. Lee. Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1833, he was assigned on his graduation from West Point in 1854, to the 4th Artillery, U. S. A., where he was first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, until 1861, when he resigned to cast his lot with the South. Previous to the reduction of Fort Sumter, he was appointed captain in the South Carolina army, and, on becoming aide-de-camp to General Beauregard, he, with Colonel Chestnut, carried the summons to Major Anderson, demanding the surrender of the Fort, and later, when Anderson declined, the order to open fire on the fort. After the fall of Sumter, he short-

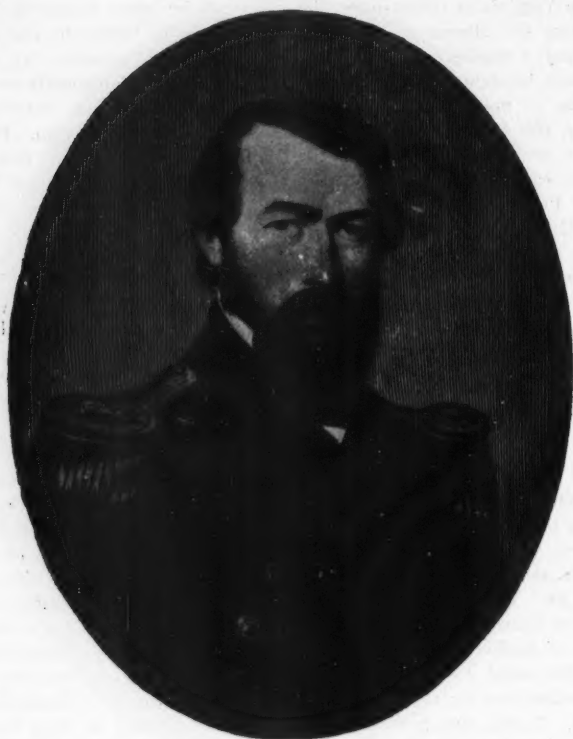
ly went to Virginia in command of the light battery of "Hampton's Legion," participating conspicuously in several fights which brought him successively promotions to major of artillery, in November, 1861, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of artillery. He was in the Peninsular campaigns, and the battles of Seven Pines, Savage's Station and Malvern Hill. His services at the second Bull Run were so brilliant as to attract the attention of the entire army. At Antietam, his conspicuous performance won him a promotion to brigadier-general, and in November of 1863, he was ordered by President Davis to Vicksburg. Immediately after the fall of that city, he was exchanged, promoted to major-general and placed in command of all the cavalry in four states. When Sherman marched from Vicksburg to Meriden with an army of 30,000 men, General Lee hung on his front, rear and flanks, with a cavalry force of 2,500. In January, 1864, he was promoted to lieutenant-general. When the battle of Nashville was fought, and Hood badly routed, Lee's corps was the only organized one for three days after the defeat. In this engagement he was wounded, but retained his command until relieved. He recovered in time to surrender with the Confederate Army, commanded by General J. E. Johnston. Since the war General Lee has labored constantly and energetically to build up the waste portions of the South. Since the opening in 1880 of the Mississippi Agricultural College he has served as its president, and his administration has been an eminently successful one.

General S. B. Buckner's name completes the roll of living lieutenant-generals. He was born in 1823 in Harte County, Kentucky, entering West Point in 1840, and graduating in 1844, to be assigned to the Second Infantry. Later he was called back to West Point as assistant professor of ethics; was relieved at his own request some time afterwards and entered the Mexican service. From 1848 to 1850 he was assistant inspector of infantry tactics at

West Point again, resigning in 1853 his commission. When the war opened he accepted a commission as brigadier-general in the Confederate service. His first battles were at Bowling Green, Russellville and Donelson. Here began a three days' conflict, during all of which time General Buckner bore himself in such a manner as to win the confidence of his own men and the respect of the enemy. When his ranking officers, seeing the prospect of defeat and imprisonment, proposed to save themselves by flight, Buckner raised himself in every Kentuckian's heart by the high and now well-known resolve, "For my part, I will stay with the men and share their fate." After his release from Fort Warren he was made major-general and joined the Chattanooga forces. When Longstreet was ordered back to Virginia, General Buckner was sent to take command of the district of Louisiana, and was made lieutenant-general. In 1865, after the surrender, he negotiated with General Canby a surrender of the trans-Mississippi department, and as, by the terms, he was not permitted to return at once to Kentucky, he took up his residence in New Orleans. In 1881 he was elected to the office of Governor of Kentucky. After the expiration of his term and the conclusion of his labors in the re-assembled constitutional convention, General Buckner returned to Harte County, where he and his family occupy the old homestead at "Glen Lily."

Of the heads of departments under President Davis' administration only two are now living, Colonel R. G. H. Kean, a "chief of the Bureau of War," and Commander John M. Brooke, "chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography," whose invention of the Brooke gun and relation to the Merrimac have made his name well known. General A. R. Lawton, who was quartermaster-general, died recently, in July of 1896.

Robert G. H. Kean was born in Caroline County, Virginia, in 1828, and educated at the University of Virginia,



Colonel J. Taylor Wood. Grandson of President Zachary Taylor,  
and Nephew of President Davis

Photograph taken in 1868

taking successively the degrees of D. A., M. A. and B. L. He began the practice of law at Lynchburg in 1853, and pursued it until 1861, when he enlisted in the Confederate Army as a private in the Eleventh Virginia Regiment Infantry; commissioned in February, 1862, as captain on the staff of General G. W. Randolph. On General Randolph's appointment as Secretary of War, Mr. Kean was appointed by President Davis "chief of the Bureau of War," an office in the Confederate War Department blending the duties of the chief clerk and assistant secretary. He held this office until the war ended. In the autumn of 1865 he resumed the practice of law at Lynchburg, and has pursued it steadily to this time.

The other "head" now living is Commander John M. Brooke, who was born at Tampa Bay, Florida, in 1826. He entered the navy as midshipman in 1841, and graduated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in 1847. From 1851 to 1853 he was stationed at the Naval Observatory, and while there invented the deep-sea sounding-lead, by means of which specimens of the deep sea bottom were brought to light for the first time, affording positive evidence that bottom had been reached. The results of this invention are shown in maps of the deep-sea bottom and the numerous submarine cables in operation. In recognition of his services he received from the King of Prussia the Gold Medal of

Science, awarded by the Academy of Berlin.

From the Naval Observatory Commander Brooke was ordered to the North Pacific and Behring Straits exploring expedition under the command of Commander C. Ringgold. From 1853 to 1861 he spent making extensive surveys on the coast of Japan and on a route from California to China. When the Southern States seceded Commander Brooke tendered his resignation and went to Virginia. In 1861 he devised the plan of an iron-clad, in which the hull should be so constructed that her bow and stern should each extend under water. This plan was applied in the conversion of the Merrimac into an iron-clad, the Virginia. In 1863, as chief of Naval Ordnance and Hydrography, he proposed that a thirteen-inch Blakely rifle of novel construction should be fired with the powder charge placed wholly in front of the chamber, an experiment which, when made, led to the discovery of the utility of what is now known as the air space, and admitted to be one of the most important discoveries in the history of ordnance. When the war closed Captain Brooke was appointed professor at the Virginia Military Institute, which position he still occupies.

The only members of President Davis' military family who are now living are Colonel G. W. Custis Lee, Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel F. R. Lubbock, Colonel William P. Johnston and Burton H. Harrison, who was the President's private secretary. The last to die was General Joseph R. Davis, whose death occurred at his home in Biloxi, Miss., September 15, 1896.

George W. Custis Lee was born at Fortress Monroe, Va., in 1832. He was given an appointment to the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., by President Zachary Taylor, and entered that institution in June, 1850, from which he graduated in June, 1854. He was then assigned to the corps of engineers, United States Army, with the rank of brevet second lieutenant,

and in due course of time became second lieutenant and first lieutenant, which latter commission he held at the time of his resignation from the United States Army upon the secession of Virginia. During the seven years he was in the United States Army he served in the Engineer Bureau, Washington, D. C., in Georgia, Florida and California, in harbor defences and river improvement. After leaving the United States Army he was appointed major of engineers in the Virginia forces, and when these forces were turned over to the Confederate States government he received the commission of captain of engineers, Confederate States Army. On the last of August, 1861, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the President of the Southern Confederacy, with the rank of colonel. Towards the last of June, 1863, he was made brigadier-general, to command a brigade of troops for the defence of Richmond against cavalry raids. During the summer or autumn of 1864 he was made major-general, to command a division which held the lines below Richmond, from Chafin's Bluff northward, until the evacuation of the lines before Richmond and Petersburg. In the autumn of 1865 he was appointed to the chair of civil and military engineering at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., which office he held until the first of February, 1871, when he entered upon the duties of president of Washington and Lee University, which latter position he now holds.

Colonel J. Taylor Wood was born at Fort Snelling, N. W. T., in 1831, being the son of General Robert C. Wood, and grandson of General Zachary Taylor. He entered the United States Navy as a midshipman in 1847, and took part in the war between the United States and Mexico. He resigned his commission in 1861, joining the Confederate Army. He commanded the After Division of the "Merrimack" or "Virginia" in the fights in Hampton Roads with the "Monitor," and later appointed an aide, with the rank of



colonel on the staff of President Jefferson Davis, who was his uncle by marriage. He was captured with President Davis at the close of the war, and, escaping with General Breckenridge, crossed from Florida to Cuba in an open boat. On the close of the war he moved to Halifax, and has since been engaged in shipping and marine insurance. Few men have passed through as many thrilling scenes as are recorded in the life of Captain Wood.

Colonel F. R. Lubbock was born in Beaufort, S. C., in 1815. Until the breaking out of the war he was engaged in several business interests, and later in politics, serving at one time as Governor of Texas. In July, 1864, President Davis summoned Governor Lubbock to Richmond and appointed him one of his aides, with rank of colonel of cavalry. It was the President's wish that he direct the affairs of the trans-Mississippi Department. This service he commendably performed until his capture, when he was taken to Fort

Monroe, and afterwards to Fort Delaware, where he was kept in solitary confinement for seven months. In December of 1865 he returned to Texas, and with his characteristic energy began at once to organize the house of F. R. Lubbock & Son., a firm which has since become pre-eminently successful. Of late years Colonel Lubbock, having reached an advanced age, has withdrawn himself largely from active affairs.

The name that completes our review of Confederate leaders of note who still survive is that of Colonel William P. Johnston, son of General Albert Sidney Johnston. He was with President Davis at the time of his capture, and after the close of the war was one of the corps of professors whom General Robert E. Lee called around him when he became president of Washington College in October, 1865. For the past few years Colonel Johnston has been president of Tulane University at New Orleans.

## IN VAIN

(Suggested by a Confederate gun at the Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va.)

Oh, how removed from thine intended fate —  
 Thou, forged to be a thunderer in fierce strife,  
 Now standing guard o'er an eventless life;  
 Cared for by lone old men, their friend the State,  
 And only memories for child and wife.  
 Peace, fearless, lays her hand on thy grim mouth,  
 Yet 'round thee martial memories cluster rife.  
 Manned by the flower of the rich old South,  
 Thou hast seen battled out the sternest war  
 That shall be written down on history's page.  
 Above thee now thy conqueror's colors soar;  
 But though the laurel-wreath of victory  
 Might not be thine, the brave in every age  
 Shall look with tenderest reverence upon thee.

*Elizabeth Harman.*

## THE RUBY NECKLACE

BY HELEN W. PIERSON

NORMAN Forbes paused a moment before ringing the bell. He looked up at the lighted windows with some trepidation. It was a starless November night, and the wind plucked at his coat and finally snatched off his hat, yet he still hesitated.

He was to be a guest at a wedding feast, yet he had never seen a member of the family. He would be "among them but not of them." He was, in fact, a young detective, and this was his first chance to gain distinction. There were some priceless heirlooms among the wedding presents, and he had been detailed to guard them. Jewels had disappeared from the house lately, and he was to discover the delinquent, if possible.

He was late, as it was no part of his duty to witness the ceremony. He felt somewhat flurried as he made his way through the ranks of palms in the wide hallway into the lighted rooms. He was conscious, however, that he was well-dressed, and a rather good-looking fellow, which was a great moral support, as he pushed his way through the waves of satin and tulle to the quarter where the toneless wedding bells of white lilies sent out their fragrance instead of music.

Near them a matron in lace and lavender brocade stood dispensing smiles and greetings so lavishly, that he at once divined that she must be the hostess. She smiled still as he bowed before her, but there was a lack of spontaneity in her eye.

He slipped a card into her hand.

"Oh, yes, certainly," she said, as she glanced at it. Then she looked about her somewhat as if she had received a parcel of goods and did not know how to dispose of it.

Forbes gazed about him curiously. The bride, a slender girl, colorless as her white satin gown, stood near him. The perfume of her bouquet of white lilacs floated by him like a breath of spring. The orchestra was playing a waltz; there was a confused blending of rainbow hues, the glitter of jewels, and the frou-frou of silken skirts.

"Vera," it was the voice of the hostess, as a girl, oddly attired in a copper-colored gown, floated by.

She stopped, a somewhat mutinous look in her dark eyes.

"This is Mr. Norman Forbes, of whom I spoke to you—you recollect?"

"Oh, certainly," said the young woman, with an electric glance, and a smile.

All at once Forbes seemed to forget everything but the girl before him. His task, his ambitions, his dreams, filled his mind no more.

The ripple of dark hair about the white brows, the lips curved and red—the round, white throat—the eyes—these were all he was conscious of.

"Mr. Forbes, let me introduce you to Mlle. L'Estrange. She will show you the pretty things our friends have sent my little girl."

The young man came to himself with the sensation of one suddenly subjected to a shower bath.

"Come with me, Mr. Forbes," said the young lady, in a voice that made him willing to follow to the ends of the earth, "the door of this treasure house is kept locked, lest it prove too alluring to some weak spectator. I know that I have looked at the things till I begin to discover a greenish tinge in my complexion."

"Your turn will come," said Forbes, gallantly.

"Oh, no. I am not an heiress like

Grace Radcliffe. I am only her French teacher—a pauper.”

“You look like one,” said Forbes, laughing.

There was a flash of scorn in her eyes.

“Oh, I am French, and I know how to imitate a Worth gown; that is all.”

“And to wear it with a grace that money cannot buy,” said Forbes, rather amazed at his own temerity.

“Go on,” she said gaily; “amuse me, for this is my last night on earth.”

“Good heavens!” he cried in startled tones. “What are you contemplating?”

“Oh, don’t be alarmed; it’s neither death nor matrimony! Only I leave America at daybreak; and to all Americans this land is the earth, I suppose.”

She had unlocked the door, and they entered a room whose walls were lined with books. The furniture was covered with olive green leather stamped with golden fleur-de-lis.

Forbes merely glanced at the bric-a-brac, blue china, bronzes and jewels. At another time they might have interested him. Now he was absorbed in this girl, whose copper-hued dress seemed to glitter with a metallic lustre and whose eyes, mocking, alluring or pleading, took on a varied expression at will.

“You are going away?” he said with a pang.

“Yes; I sail for Europe at daybreak,” she said, and the air seemed to grow chill about him.

“You are going away?” he repeated, and he felt as if all the world were going with her.

“I ought not to be here now,” she said; “but Grace has been my pupil so long, and I had to see her married. I am now at liberty, and my mother is ill. She wants to die in her own land. We go back as poor as we came!” A soft mist obscured the luminous eyes for a moment. “I shall slip away from the company soon,” she went on. “I leave this bazaar in your charge. Think of me sailing away in the gray of the morning on the Ville

de Paris. Wish me bon voyage in your thoughts.”

“The Ville de Paris?” said Forbes. He seemed only to be able to echo her words.

“You did not inspect the presents,” she cried. “Behold how the rich give where it is not needed! Do you know the one thing here that I really covet? It is a ruby necklace that Mr. Radcliffe picked up in India. It is worth a queen’s ransom, they say, but I only value its beauty. It’s an heirloom.”

She took up a Russian leather case as she spoke and opened it. Within lay a superb necklace of stones that seemed to throb with hidden life. A covetous light leaped into her eyes.

“This belonged to a Begum or Bada or something,” she said, holding it up so that all the stones in the light seemed blazing. “It does not suit Grace at all. She is formed for cool, moonbeamy pearls. Fate has made a mistake. This should be mine. See!”

She held it up to her white throat. She bent her neck, flower-like, towards him. The rubies seemed to burn with an intenser flame. Her eyes blazed like jewels. The coppery folds of her gown melted into undulating waves of fluent metal. The iridescent spangles wrought in the embroidery sent out little spiral coils of tinted fire.

His temples throbbed as he gazed at her. He had a wild longing to lay the wealth of the Indies at her feet. He felt strange pulses beating, and could hear the blood singing in his veins. Surges, as of the sea, were sounding in his ears. The rubies burned on consuming in their own fires, overflowing like tiny volcanoes, till the girl seemed to be wreathed in flame. He tried to spring forward to snatch the necklace from her, but the light blinded him. Each separate stone grew into a fiery sun. His brain swam. His eyes closed, and he seemed to float away on a sea of darkness flecked with crimson foam.

“You have not paid me a single compliment,” said a gay voice in his ear; and he opened his eyes to see the en-

chantress putting the ruby necklace back in its box.

"I really flattered myself that it was becoming! Now I must go. You will keep guard, I suppose, and in the end Mrs. Radcliffe will relieve you. I wish that I could help you gain fame by discovering the culprit who has been purloining jewels here. I tried to do a little detective business about it, but failed. I fancy that detectives, like poets, are born, not made. Well, adieu. I hope we shall meet again. I think we will—fate is not always unkind."

As she held out her hand in a friendly way she gave him one more glance that seemed to speak volumes, and was gone.

Forbes rubbed his eyes and looked about him as one waking from a dream. He felt a strange languor in all his limbs as he looked vaguely at his surroundings.

"Oh, George!" cried Mrs. Radcliffe, seizing the arm of a young man who was passing. "I am perfectly horrified! I forgot about having that young fellow who was enlisted to guard the presents notified about the supper. Do go, my son, and invite him most politely. I would not hurt his feelings for the world."

"All right, mother."

"You will lock the door?—be careful!"

"Certainly."

A moment afterward George Radcliffe hurried to his mother's side, a startled look on his face.

"There is no one there, and I do not see the fellow anywhere!"

"Why, this is perfectly unaccountable," said the mother. "I call it outrageous—and everything left exposed?"

"Yes."

"If anything is missing I shall bring damages against the—the—well, what would it be, George, the police or the city—or—"

"Let us see. Don't get flurried; don't let us spoil the wedding feast. Grace must not know about this. We will quietly go and examine."

Mrs. Radcliffe's eagle eye scanned the presents. "I see—" she faltered, her florid cheek paling. "The necklace—the necklace of pigeon's blood rubies is gone—is gone!"

"Wait—search!" cried George; but the search was in vain.

"Telegraph to headquarters—send out an alarm!" cried his mother, wringing her hands. "I dare say that man was a thief in disguise. I saw that he had a suspicious look!"

"Hi think as how the gent were took ill of a suddint," said the English butler. "Least ways, 'e 'ad a wanderin' look in 'is h'eye, as I took pertic'ler notice on. 'E was actin' like a gent as had partook consid'able of snifters, ef—"

But his audience had deserted him, and his eloquence was wasted.

It was the gray dawn of a sunless day. A group of people shivered on the pier and fluttered handkerchiefs of farewell to friends on the great steamer.

A young man had made his way over the gangplank, and was looking about him in a bewildered manner.

"It is the place and the hour," he muttered. "Where can she be?"

She was near. A slender girl in gray, with a great bouquet of violets at her breast. She drew her veil as she saw him, and the light kindled in her eyes.

"So you came," she whispered. "I thought you would. I thought that I might count on you."

"Till the end," exclaimed Forbes passionately.

"You brought it?"

"Yes, it is here!"

"Quick! the boat sails in a few moments. Give it to me!"

He placed a case in her hands.

She seized it. "Now, go—go at once!"

"Go?" echoed Forbes in dumb wonder. A hand touched his arm.

"You are my prisoner!" cried a hoarse voice. The officer had evidently taken cold during his bleak vigil that night.

The girl in gray was meanwhile moving rapidly away, when a detaining hand fell on her arm.

"Wait a moment—I need you both."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Mlle. L'Estrange, drawing herself up with extreme hauteur, while her dark eyes flashed.

"I mean that you are held as this man's accomplice—the receiver of stolen goods!" said the officer bluntly.

"You have been drinking—I shall report you. This man is a stranger to me," she cried angrily.

"Oh, you can tell that in court. I saw him hand you the jewels. I will trouble you for that Russia leather case he just slipped in your hand; and we may as well order your luggage to be sent back, for, take, my word for it, you won't sail today."

Norman Forbes listened as one who hears an unknown language.

"What does it all mean?" he asked. "What has happened? What am I doing here?"

"Oh, you don't know, eh?" said the officer, with fine scorn. "Well, you'll find out soon enough. A nice deal for a man to be priggish the very things that he's set to protect! Come, Miss, we're losin' time. You may as well hand over that there ruby necklace. Now don't think of cuttin' up rough, or I should be obliged to call up some of the gents I have handy!"

"A ruby necklace," Forbes said to himself. "Where did I see a ruby necklace last?"

"Well, I never heard nothing like this since I been on the force," gasped the officer. "You're a nice ornament to the secret police, hain't you?"

"Oh, Mon Dieu! was that what the man handed me?" cried Mlle. L'Es-

trange, taking out the case. "I am shocked. How was I to know? I met this person at the wedding last night, and when he appeared unexpectedly on the steamer I thought that he brought a note from Mrs. Radcliffe or the parting gift that she forgot to offer. Ciel! So this was stolen? Oh, the infamous!"

"A likely story," sneered the officer.

"Ask him!" she cried eagerly. "You can also find out from Mrs. Radcliffe that I am telling the truth. Tell me," appealing to Forbes, "did you ever see me until last night?"

"Never!" answered Forbes positively.

"Well, I ain't no judge and jury," said the officer. "So I'll trouble you both to come along of me without no palaver."

Forbes followed passively. He felt stunned. He a thief? Oh, he would wake up presently and laugh at the whole business.

But he did not waken. The nightmare endured. He found himself a week later standing in the prisoners' dock. He could explain nothing. His manner incriminated him. It would have gone hard with him if the siren who saw no chance of escape had not taken pity on his misery.

"I alone am guilty," she said. "It is a case of suggestion. I hypnotized this man. I am poor, and I saw that he was a good subject. I rarely fail. I thought no one would suspect the detective and the governess. I was tempted to try it. He responded, but, somehow, he must have bungled—that is all."

Her words carried conviction to the jury. Forbes' previous record stood him in good stead. He was discharged, but that was his first and last effort in the detective line. He found another vocation.





## HER ROSES

BY HARRY DARBERS

HE WAS certainly quite different from any one else; that we all acknowledged, and by some people Lloyd Turner was called a crank. He was, in fact, a singular fellow.

It all came natural enough to him, however, and although he had but a vague remembrance of his father, his old nurse used to tell him of his goodness, his devotion to duty, his high courtesy and faithfulness, and when Lloyd was but a mere slip of a boy, he tried to be like him—so it came perfectly natural for him to be just as he was.

Some said he was "old-fashioned," others said he was a dreamer, and others even went so far as to say he was impractical and a fool; not as far as intellect went, for he was a good scholar, and his pen had certainly made a hit for him in the literary world.

He was still young, not more than one and thirty, but he had had a hard time, a fact which was plainly visible by his countenance, which bore a sad expression, one which showed he had undergone great mental suffering, and a face which one could not soon forget.

One of the most natural things for him to do in his youth was to fall in love, the object of his passions being a beautiful woman, several years his senior, and at the time a great society belle.

It was perfect nonsense for Lloyd Turner to think she would ever consent to marry him—he, without name or money, while she was being sought after daily by the handsomest and richest suitors; but, as many men have been led on before, so was he led on, captivated, and, when the crisis came, was spurned and thrown over for a millionaire—which was only perfectly natural.

He suffered; any one could see that, and although his foolishness cost him a

great deal of unhappiness, no one ever heard him speak ill of her, no, not even when, after two years of unhappily married life, she left her husband.

A man with a crushed body does not feel the slighter stabs, and such was the case with Lloyd Turner; he drifted on mechanically, doggedly, taking life as it came, and with his youth buried.

He was fond of female society, and women liked him, too.

There was always an energy about him which could not be withstood, and a gentleness about him which made all those who knew him trust him implicitly, as he could be trusted.

He decided one day, after being talked to incessantly by his friends, that instead of living for himself, in a world by himself, he would try and be like other people, being guided by their caprices, as all society people generally were, and instead of refusing the many invitations he received to luncheons, receptions, etc., he accepted them all, prepared to meet people half way in their friendships. His good resolutions lasted for a time, but not long, for it was not his disposition; and after accepting an invitation to dine out (a dinner which might have been gotten up expressly for him) he would spend the most of his time talking to some unheard of country cousin from the backwoods, or else entertain the little folk with stories; yet, for all his seeming ingratitude, he was popular.

A puzzle to his friends was why he always seemed so poor; he was both an inventor and a writer, and for some of his work had received good prices, yet he did not seem to be any better off. It began to be whispered about that he played the races and gambled at cards and spent his money in other dissipation—and when Gossip once took him

in hand she handled him rather roughly—and yet, when asked concerning the numerous stories afloat regarding him, he always laughed them off, apparently contented in his own mind; had the matter been known, he was supporting, to a large extent, one of his nearest relations, a young man of twenty, who was preparing for the ministry, but the public knew nothing of that, and he did not care to tell them.

But the night came when his life was turned, and it came about by his being invited to a social function a few miles out of the city.

Lloyd was standing with a child of eleven at one side of the grand reception room, telling her fairy tales and answering her questions, whenever she interrupted him, as to who the great personages were.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That's the Queen of Roselle."

"And who is that?" she interrupted, a few moments later; it was a tall lady, exceedingly thin, with a huge necklace of pearls.

"Oh, that's the Queen of Heights," he readily answered.

"Then what am I?" she asked.

"You're the Queen of Hearts," at which she laughed outright.

"But who is this coming?" asked Lloyd, as a vision of pale blue floated through the doorway, with a bunch of red roses at her corsage.

"She? Why that is Miss Wainwright. Would you like to be introduced? Come along, then," and she drew him through the crowd to where the beautiful girl stood, and, although after the introduction, a few mere commonplaces passed between these two, he had lost his heart.

"She is called the Queen of the Ballroom," the child said. "She is so beautiful."

"I think she must be," he answered.

A little later Lloyd met the young lady out on a balcony, getting a breath of air, as he expressed it.

"I saw you talking to a little friend of mine," she began.

"Oh, yes; she is sweet; they all are,

and interest me wonderfully. I always feel when I'm near a child as though I'm as near to the angels as I ever shall be in this world."

"Do you know, I was very anxious to meet you and become acquainted with you?" she said.

"Were you? Thanks, and may I ask why?"

"Yes; because of a few lines of poetry you once wrote—oh, a long, long time ago—in the 'Dreams of a Dreamer.'"

"Yes," he said, "I remember the book, and I am pleased that you should have liked at least a few lines in the book."

"That is really ungallant of you," she answered, "but come, it is late, and we must be going in."

Her voice was soft and musical, and as Lloyd glanced up, the color deepened on her cheek, and as he leaned a little toward her, her eyes drooped suddenly, but she immediately mastered herself and looked up again.

"Yes," he replied, "it is late—and—good night." Ye gods; here was an entirely new sensation for him—he, who had always been so cold and austere, never having time to be sympathetic with other people, probably because he did not care enough for them—but all in an hour it had changed, for, verily, he had lost his heart. Oh, why had he met her? She was called the Queen. She must be. His life was all breaking up, and he was at sea.

He sent her the book of poems, and she replied by a graceful little note, thanking him. He liked it.

She invited him to call. He went to see her.

The day was a bright, sunshiny one; her costume was a tight-fitting scarlet gown, made of some soft material, and ornamented by a single red rose. Yes, he muttered to himself, the child was right.

"What was right?" she inquired.

"Something a little girl said about you," he answered; "but you mustn't ask to know it, not until some other time."

"Was it a compliment?"

"Yes."

He began to know her better—and, finally, he knew her very well, for was not the innermost promptings of his heart teaching him her ways?

He did not see her very often, for they lived in separate cities. But the time he did spend with her was spent most enjoyably; he seemed to find in her a sympathy which his all-absorbing soul needed. It reminded him of the past, only in a purer sense.

He awoke from his trance; the energy for work once more pervaded him; he mixed with his old associates more, and life grew a lighter burden.

He began to go oftener to the city where Miss Wainwright lived. Although he could not see her often, not nearly as often as he would have liked, he could write, and always took great pleasure in perusing her quaint letters, telling him of society life and matters of interest in general.

One evening, at a reception at her house, he was in the gentlemen's dressing room. It was evidently a lady's apartment, which had been devoted for the occasion as a dressing room.

A man, a tall fellow, with short, curly hair, well groomed, pulled open a lower drawer of a bureau.

Articles of a lady's apparel were exposed, all spotlessly white and neatly arranged.

"Shut that drawer instantly," said Lloyd, in a low, imperious tone.

"Suppose I don't; what then?"

"I'll pitch you out of the room," and, as he spoke, he advanced accordingly. The drawer was closed and the man left the apartment.

"Do you know who that was?" asked some one.

"No; I haven't the slightest idea, nor do I care."

"That was young Reeves, son of the great millionaire woolen manufacturer, Reeves."

"The gossips say he is engaged to her," said the gentleman.

"He is not engaged to her," said Lloyd.

Later in the evening he stood talking to Miss Wainwright, and, in a casual way, as though nothing had happened to ruffle his temper, said: "Do you know what a gentleman said to me upstairs?"

"No; what?"

"That you were engaged to some one."

"I? That I was engaged? And to whom, may I ask?"

"To a fellow I saw up there, a Mr. — Reeves, I believe his name is. Are you?"

"No. But tell me," she asked, laying her hand on his arm, "you did not believe it, did you?" at the same time looking him frankly in the face.

"No," he answered, "I trust you too implicitly for that."

She buried her face in the roses she held—as usual, red ones—and was silent.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her hand in his and bending over it, "I did not mean to hurt you. I could not care for you so much if I did not believe in you."

"It was exceedingly kind of you to send me these roses," she said, "and I love them so, for they are my favorite flower."

"Yes, they are beautiful, but I believe I like better the old-fashioned roses right out of the dew. It may be old association, but I know of a place only a few miles out, in fact, I own it, and it is just filled with roses, and I always think of the ones there being sweeter than any others in the world."

"Yes, I like them, too," she answered.

"Well," he continued, "the next time I come to see you, I am going to bring you some."

"Oh, thank you. How far is it from your home?"

"Perhaps twenty miles, and it will be a pleasant jaunt if only for—love's sake."

Just then there was a step behind them. She rose, for it was young Reeves claiming her for the next dance.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand, which he clasped, pressing it tenderly.

It was some three months after Miss Wainwright's reception. He was packing a valise, for he was going to her city, and incidentally to see her. On a table near by lay a bundle of roses, picked by him for the one he loved. Oh, what bright anticipations. A letter was brought in, and as he looked at the writing a pleased smile lit up his face, for intuition told him who it was from. Hastily throwing down the article he was packing, he opened the letter, kissing the rose perfumed paper inside before he began to read.

Then the smile died away and a startled look took its place. The color faded from his face and his mouth closed firmly. When finished, he re-read it, and read it again, then slowly, as though in a daze, he tore it into halves, then into quarters, and threw the bits into the fire.

He sat as one stunned.

A half hour later found him walking into the clubrooms; mechanically he sa-

luted his friends, and, walking to a newspaper rack, took out one of current date, and, walking to a secluded part of the room, opened it.

Wedding Announcement was the headline. Reeves-Wainwright to be married this evening at eight.

Further down the article it stated that although the happy pair had been engaged for some time, it was only on account of extreme delicacy on the part of the bride-elect that the announcement had been kept secret.

That night Lloyd Turner wrote a note, which read: "We know the dictations of our own hearts best; I cannot blame you, for it was my mistake."

The next day one of the city hospitals received a huge bunch of red roses, and although they were the tokens of a bitter remembrance to one, they brought light and sunshine, while they lasted, to another.

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## THE TURNED DOWN PAGE

BY CHARLOTTE RICE

IT was summer. The sun had gone down, leaving a delicate golden tinge over hill and valley.

Then twilight in subdued gray garb had come gently gliding in, as if loth to replace so much beauty of color; and last of all, behind a clump of trees the moon was seen slowly rising, while through bunches of leaves her pale rays shone.

In the distance, near the top of the hill, two figures could be seen. They had come out to see the sunset, had lingered on through the twilight, and now were slowly walking homeward in the moonlight.

"I love you," he said in eager, tremulous tones.

The moon came from behind the trees, radiantly beautiful, and the

maiden's heart responded to its brightness.

In a low voice he continued, "But I am pledged to another."

Suddenly the moon went behind a cloud; all the world seemed dark.

A long pause followed. Then she answered, "I know this other one. I love her dearly and would not take her happiness from her. Forget me and go to her."

They walked on in silence until they reached the house, when she turned to him and said imploringly, "Go, dear, and leave me alone."

He gently took her face between his hands, looked at her long and earnestly, then tenderly kissed her fair white forehead.

With tears in their eyes they parted.

His was a responsive nature, and when he married the other one, she, being sweet and winsome, in a short time won back the love that she never knew the stronger, more magnetic woman had taken from her.

But this stronger woman, though she could renounce her love for another, could not so easily forget it.

Many said to her, "I love you. Marry me;" but she turned from them, saying, "I cannot love you." How could she, when her heart was not her own to give?

The years glided on and she was still a beautiful woman, when news reached her that the other one had died.

"God forgive me if I rejoice," she cried. "Now he can come back to me."

But he did not come. She grew pale and thin, while her beauty seemed leaving her.

By and by, for the first time in years, they chanced to meet. A few words of greeting were exchanged and he passed on, thinking, "How very changed she is. All her old fire and enthusiasm seem to have left her."

She stood for a moment watching him as he walked away; then slowly went towards her home.

She thought of that summer eve long ago; of the sunlight, the twilight, the parting in the moonlight. She had given up the warm sunlight of love to another and had dared to hope for its calm lingering twilight. But it had been revealed to her that his love was no longer hers. She must now live in the pale moonlight—in the reflected light of the loves of others.

The long weary years to be lived without love or hope seemed spread before her. Must she endure them? Was there no escape? Ah, yes! A strange sweet sense of oblivion was stealing o'er her. Then all grew dark and misty; and, falling heavily forward, she knew no more.

Tenderly they nursed her through the long illness that followed.

When she recovered and went back to the old life once so bright and glowing with the thought of the love that could have been her own, now so colorless as she realized that perhaps it never had been truly hers, her one sustaining thought was, "God's in His heaven. Some day He will take me there."

Many wondered at the pathetic droop of the mouth, the far-away look in her eyes; and one, more bold than the rest, asked the reason.

But she only shook her head, and a sad little smile played round her mouth as she softly murmured these words:

"There's a turned down page,' as some writer says,  
In ev'ry human life;  
A hidden story of happier days, of  
peace amidst the strife!

A folded down leaf that the world  
knows not,  
A love dream rudely crushed,  
The sight of a face that is not forgot,  
Altho' the voice be hushed!

There's a hidden page in each life,  
And mine a story might unfold,  
But the end was sad of the dream di-  
vine,  
It better rests untold."







## Along Literary Lines



Mr. George Morgan has given us quite as spirited a book and one of very much the same stamp as Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty." In passing it is to be hoped that if dramatized it avoids the same fate. "John Littlejohn of J" is a romance of that memorably unfortunate winter that the American army lay encamped at Valley Forge, "being in particular an account of Littlejohn's remarkable entanglement with the king's intrigues against General Washington." It has all that quick movement, that succession of breath-suspending incidents, and that charm relative to affairs of war that is only possible for a book that concerns itself with things militant. The reader is carried into the camp at Valley Forge, and becomes conversant with the suffering situation at short range, he learns of Washington's relations to Congress, and of his intention to disband the army in the face of starvation, and he also has pictured before him the attempts of King George's troops to undermine the position. The intrigues of a female spy, the capture, death-sentence and escape of the mistaken deserter Littlejohn, the narration of his love affair and a description of the battles of Cockfoot and Monmouth furnish the material out of which the writer has evolved a most successful historical romance. The personality of Washington has received much attention, and the background of events tallies largely with history. The book is admirably well-written, and the fascination which attaches itself to the rapidly-changing scenes of war carries the reader from cover to cover without a halt. If we are not greatly in error, Mr. Morgan has scored a distinct triumph. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Tennyson, master of melody that he was, left behind him no single long poem that is as delightful as the "Princess." This is so, perhaps, because the theme in this instance was one concerning which the poet had the highest and the most beautiful of ideals, and his one greatest handling of the subject must of necessity be a masterpiece. There is a certain timeliness about the "Princess" that makes the reading of it at the present day exceedingly worth while. It is, because Tennyson, in this poem, has something to say relative to the "woman question." How rightly he speaks only those that read can know. "In his Princess," says the Scotch critic, F. W. Robertson, "Tennyson has, with exquisite taste, disposed of the question, which has its burlesque and comic, as well as the tragic side, of woman's present place and future destinies. And if any one wishes to see this subject treated with a masterly and delicate hand, in protest alike against the theories which would make her as the man, which she could only be by becoming masculine, not manly, and those which would have her remain the toy, or the slave, or the slight thing of sentimental and frivolous accomplishment, I would recommend him to study the few last pages of 'The Princess.'"

A recent issue of this masterpiece of Tennyson's, admirable alike in its editing and its appreciation is the edition from the hands of Mr. A. J. George, whose work among the English poets, noticeably Wordsworth and Coleridge, is already known among scholars. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

\* \* \* \* \*

It has for a long time been believed that the surface of the earth has no spot nor phase which the sun, or some other

warming or illuminating agent does not occasionally cheer and brighten. Coals have been gilded, mud put to decorative uses, and lilies have grown forth from offal. It has, likewise, time and again been proved that in the heart of the most hardened criminal there is some single tender spot, and that no tramp nor pauper is so miserable that he wholly lacks the comfort of pleasant recollections. So far as has been discovered, there is but one exception to the all-encompassing rule that no state nor condition of matter or intelligence is without at least some slight degree of loveliness, and this a book called "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison, who barely escaped committing this unparalleled outrage, two years ago, when he wrote his "Tales of Mean Streets." From the first page to the last, his present book is unrelieved hideousness. Its characters are guilty of an unmitigated wallowing through filth, bestiality and selfishness so hard, that its like stands unrivalled in the annals of literature. Not a page, line nor word is there in this story to modify its appalling, horrifying gruesomeness. Nothing at all approaching it in fearfulness has ever before been attempted—nothing which was not in some way relieved by a few touches of humanity. As compared with "A Child of the Jago," there is much which is tender and soothing about even the utmost ghastliness of the Cholera and the Black Death.

There is no excuse for the publication of such a book, and no reason for believing that its author was sincere. It is a production which could only come from the pen of one who, without the slightest regard for truth, wished to do all that can be done in the direction of vile, grim, depressing pessimism—most depressing because it is so absolutely purposeless.

\* \* \* \* \*

E. F. Benson has just written a story about a sculptor, who wastes a great deal of time in lamentations over having pounded some twenty or more pot-boilers out of helpless marble. The

book is full of smart writing, some of which barely misses being brilliant. The most curious thing about it is its title, "Limitations." Fancy the author of "Dodo" confessing to any species of limitation

\* \* \* \* \*

To the ever-growing list of "historical novels," books with old-time backgrounds of architecture and household equipment, in the midst of which extremely modern folk live and love and scheme, John Bloundelle-Burton has added "In the Day of Adversity," which closely apes Stanley J. Weyman. Another effort at dressing fin de siècle dolls in ancient raiment was made by Christian Ross, when he wrote "The Scarlet Coat." This, in one way, is the most original of any recent performance of the kind; for it adds ever so many new words to the English language and evinces a disregard of the most common rules of grammar, which is truly beautiful.

There are many persons who never seem able to profit by experience, and well within this category are the proprietors of *Current Literature*. In 1888, when this excellent periodical was founded, its editorship was in the hands of William George Jordan, who had already made a notable success of *Book Chat*. So long as Mr. Jordan was in charge, *Current Literature* thrived and prospered. When he surrendered his chair, about three years later, because the policy of the magazine was uselessly narrowed by its owners, *Current Literature* almost immediately tottered over the brink of prosperity and began rapidly ambling down the decline. Bliss Carman and others were put in editorial charge, but it was no use; the stricken thing could not be revived. Something like two years ago, Mr. Jordan was recalled to his former post, and in a trice *Current Literature* began picking up again. After another period of increasing prosperity, it now goes under the editorial control of George W. Cable, whose only discernible fitness for the place seems to be his inability to have done anything com-

mendable with his own magazine. A mastery of the creole dialect may have its uses in determining what part of the world's periodical literature is best suited to a literary digest; but such a sequence is not immediately logical. A "third term" for Mr. Jordan is undoubtedly looming up in the near future—if he will take it.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. M. Barrie is being hit considerably hard across the knuckles for daring to write a biography of his mother, though no one is complaining because Edward Gibbon has recently been found to have written seven biographies of himself. The critics may be right in saying that it is an enormous presumption for Mr. Barrie to imagine that anybody cares to read his estimate of the particularly nice old lady who bore him; but even so it is more laudable than for him to have written pretty things about other men's wives, as some of those who are rebuking him have done. Furthermore, it is not an unpleasant novelty for a man to have enough pride in his mother to frankly acknowledge the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

F. Marion Crawford devotes quite a little of "Corleone," his new story, to showing that brigandage is not a profession which the Sicilians choose, but one which circumstances thrust upon them. This reminds one how circumstances likewise switched Mr. Crawford upon his own professional track. For a long time he had been casting about, without much idea as to what he would do. One day, in New York, he came into contact with an astrologer—an old man with long whiskers and little white stars worked upon the surface of his black velvet vest. This man told Mr. Crawford that he, according to the oracles of the sky, was cut out for a novelist and destined to be a successful one. Mr. Crawford immediately tried the prescription, with the results which have any way been satisfactory to himself.

Dr. William Hirsh has filled a ponderous and closely printed volume with such outgushes of analysis and denunciation as he evidently believes will demolish Max Nordau's "Degeneration." If "you are another" is good argument, poor Nordau is atoms already. So far as bulk goes Nordau is by far the less sinner of the two, as the original crime fills only a third the space of its arraignment. He is also easier to read, for but few of his sentences are involved, and he can be understood with a technical dictionary at one elbow and an encyclopaedia of general sciences at the other. If Hirsh really means what he seems to mean, his book strongly reminds one of Douglas Jerrold's one-time remark that "nonsense is other people's sense which differs from ours."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah Grand's next book will be considerably delayed because of her condition of health. In this case it amounts to praise deferred, though if it were Marie Correlli it would be blame deferred. Yet the latter actually complains less against persons and things than does Sarah Grand. It is the fashion, however, to accept the snarlings of Sarah Grand as logical and timely rebukes, and to deride Miss Correlli as a common scold; and fashions are powerful and must prevail. As a matter of plain, hard fact, when Miss Correlli frets, she simply says openly the very things which people in general growl about privately and in much stronger terms.

\* \* \* \* \*

In bringing out his new edition of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, Nathan Haskell Dole has done something very much more edifying than to give scholars every existing version of the Persian original which can be found—he has also shown what delightfully loose things translations are, when they are made from a little-known language. About a score of these alleged renderings of the "Rubaiyat" are given by Mr. Dole, and the disagreements between are sufficient to allow them to pass for

as many independent works. This suggests the probability that the "Koran," the "Bhagavad Gita" and any number of other Oriental works, which have appeared in English, have likewise been tinkered to suit the tastes, prejudices and fears of the "translators." Now that Mr. Dole has begun this excellent work of comparison and verification, he should continue it through the long list of splendid opportunities which need the flashings of his search-light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pierre Loti is writing another love-story, of the kind particularly incidental to him. That is to say, he is about favoring the public with an introduction to another of the sweethearts, of which circumstances have enabled him to make such an extensive and varied collection. Being an officer in the French navy, his ship has been stationed in numerous and widely-contrasted quarters of the globe; one time in the South Sea Island, and another in the Bosphorus; now on the Yellow Sea, over against Siam, and then alongside the shallow shores of the Senegal; and so on, through an amazing range of geographical variations. As M. Loti has a decided predilection for female society, his experiences have been unique and comprehensive; though, as described in his many books, some of his selections have been more picturesque than comforting. Just the same, his matter-of-fact tales make much cleaner reading than the imaginative amours of the "erotic school" of American scribblers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some years ago, when the Appletons put out their American Cyclopaedia, on the instalment plan, it was looked upon as shockingly *infra dig.* by other publishers. Now the proprietors of the Century Dictionary are not only doing the same thing, but even go so far as to organize "clubs," which serve as an excuse for retailing the book at wholesale prices. Half a dozen less pretentious dictionaries and encyclopaedias are also offering supposed forty and sixty

dollar works at anywhere from five to fifteen dollars, as an alleged means of "introducing" the same, and on the instalment plan at that! No scheme now appears to be "*infra dig.*" so long as it sells books.

\* \* \* \* \*

A great many persons have a refreshingly reckless way of writing of "literary art"—Art with a large A. Occasionally it is in a modified way excusable; but most often it is comic, if not impudent. Seventeen books and magazines have been devoted to such exploitations, during the months of December and January, the most of which are too stupid to catalogue. Among forthcoming preparations in this line is a book which George Bell & Sons now have in press, entitled "The Art of William Morris." Think of it—the "Art" of William Morris! James A. Herne, too, the "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres" man, has just written "Art for Truth's Sake in the Drama," and he has evidently done it seriously. A-lack-a-day! there are so many things in "literature."

\* \* \* \* \*

There are signs that America is at last going to take Walt Whitman seriously. John Burroughs has just finished an interesting analytical study of him as an author, and Thomas Donaldson has frankly considered him as a man. Both make him out as something very different than the joke he has always seemed to be to most American newspaper paragraphers. This will please the English, who have ever maintained that he was great, because he was so virulent, massive and original. The fact that he was unlike the writers of England gave him his vogue in that country, though this is the very thing which has caused him to be so severely ridiculed at home.

\* \* \* \* \*

If, as it is reported, the skin of Henry M. Stanley is darkening like unto the cuticle of the denizens of the Dark Continent, it perhaps justifies a little ripple of amusement which is now current among those who know him best.

They surmise that the change is not so much owed to inoculations with African blood as to the fact that his lovely disposition is at last coming entirely to the surface.

\* \* \* \* \*

Job was more fortunate than Bayard Taylor in many ways; mainly because he appears to have had but three "intimate" friends, whom he supposedly survived. Mr. Taylor, on the other hand, had four very particular friends, who survived him. During his lifetime, so impressed was he with the love and loyalty of these people that he lent them money, paid their rent, bought them clothing, and did sundry other little things which proved his largeness and kindness of heart—likewise his gullibility. One of these was a Bostonian, another was a Philadelphian, and the remaining two were, and still are, residents of New York City. While Mr. Taylor was alive, they constantly assured him that his poetry, fiction and essays would last as long as the English language, and perhaps longer. No sooner, however, was he dead than this very quartette, as one man, wrote reminiscent papers which lavished personal praise upon him, but so vehemently "re-

gretted" that none of his literary efforts would be remembered. ten years after his death, that the very atmosphere reeked with tears. Having said this, the entire four, from that time forward, did everything in its power to suppress all mention of their dead benefactor and his work. Not long ago, a publisher who believed that a revival of the interest in Mr. Taylor would be easy and profitable, got these four friends of Caesar together and proposed that they write a book which should repeat the warm things they had said of him while he was living, appending thereunto specimens of his best work. This, for a moment, threw the whole four into something very nearly resembling hydrophobia. The first one to get his breath declared that such a book would be a "dead loss," because "Taylor is absolutely forgotten by the general public, and almost so by his friends." The other three warmly supported this statement, and nothing that the publisher could urge had the slightest power to move these men from their decision. In describing this disgusting interview, to an acquaintance, the publisher so far forgot himself as to set a very wicked adjective in a very vigorous part of a very outspoken phrase.





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NO. 6

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ARTHUR W. BRAYLEY, Editor

## ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

# The NATIONAL Magazine for APRIL

### THE STORY OF AN ARMENIAN REFUGEE

This story will be the first illustrated article on the recent Armenian massacres to appear in any magazine. Their causes and results, as well as the scenes of their enactment, will be described interestingly for the average reader. The writer is himself an Armenian, who escaped from the country during the Turkish treacheries. He brought with him a number of photographs, which are to be reproduced in the April issue of the NATIONAL for the first time. The article, besides its interest as a description of the massacres, will prove a revelation to those who are in the habit of considering the work of our missionaries of the East always rightly-motived.

### Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Will contribute to the April NATIONAL the first of a series of papers, entitled "Some Recollections of the Century." There are few men living to-day who have been so intimately associated with significant American personalities, places and movements as Dr. Hale; and there is perhaps no one man who can write so interestingly on them. So well-known a writer as he requires no further introduction to insure the popularity of his forthcoming articles. The opening chapter will concern itself with reminiscences of Revolutionary people.

### CHRIST AND HIS TIME

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

The sixth chapter of this serial, in which so many thousands of readers have become interested, will continue the narrative in the April number by treating of the deputation from Jerusalem to John; briefly of the religious parties, the Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes; of the first disciples, and the marriage feast at Cana.

### CHICAGO ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

By H. H. HAYES

An illustrated article on this subject cannot prove otherwise than unusually attractive among art circles, not only of Chicago, but of the East. Western artists, within recent years, have accomplished so much to their credit that they are deserving of much attention in the way of return. The article to appear in next month's magazine will notice the work of such leading artists as Mr. Frederick W. Freer, Mr. Lorado Taft, Miss Bessie Potter, Miss Julia Bracken, Miss Dohn, Mr. Emil Wuerst, Miss Goodwin, Mrs. Copp and Mr. Michalowski. Illustrations will be of their *chef d'œuvres* and their studios.

### A PRESIDENT'S LOVE AFFAIR

By GABRIEL ROUQUIE

A short sketch of that period of Andrew Johnson's life which he spent in South Carolina, dealing with some hitherto unfamiliar aspects of the time when he was a tailor and a lover.

### SHORT STORIES

Every number of the NATIONAL contains five or six of the most attractive short stories. They never fall below the standard of extreme readableness, and have done much towards establishing the popularity of the magazine.

LIVING FASHION PLATES will be made up from photographs of several stylish gowns worn by beautiful women. This feature is original with the NATIONAL and is valued by those who desire to see the latest gowns without being "worked up" by the artist.

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## "Some Recollections of the Century"



### DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Will commence in the April number of the NATIONAL Magazine a series of papers on the above subject. They will be largely reminiscences of some of the more interesting aspects of his own life, and of his connections with the great men and movements of the century. Whatever Dr. HALE may write on these topics is sure to be eagerly and interestingly received by the thousands of readers who already know him through such books of his as "A Man Without a Country," or "My Double and How He Undid Me." The opening paper will concern itself with mention of some of the famous Revolutionary people, to be followed by recollections of the stirring anti-slavery times.

## THE STORY

— OF AN —

## ARMENIAN REFUGEE.

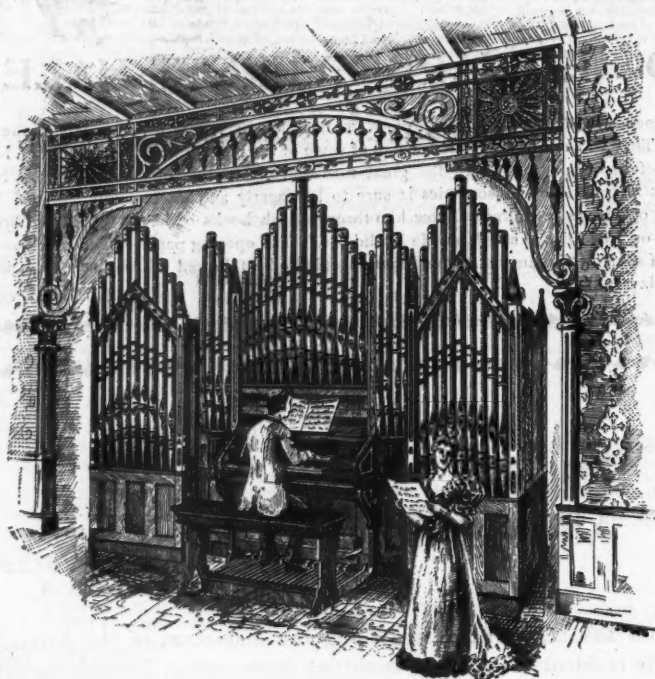
MUCH has been written regarding the massacres of the Armenians, but to the residents of civilized countries these acts of Turkish barbarians — acts lower in their nature than anything of the brute-world — are too horrible to comprehend. In order to fully realize the enormity of these atrocities, we must see photographs from life, pictures that cannot falsify. The April NATIONAL will contain many such, the first illustrations of their kind to be given to the reading public. They are reproductions from scenes in Armenia, and although they are fraught with interest, picture nothing that is repulsive or satisfying to the morbid taste. It is rather the object of the article to show Christian nations that no greater horrors have ever been committed in the name of religion than those now perpetrated in the slaughter pens of Turkey.

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## WITH THE PUBLISHER

Announcement is made elsewhere in the magazine of two notable articles which will appear in the next issue. The first is the story of an Armenian refugee, narrating the causes, results and scenes of the recent massacres by the Turks. The writer himself is one of those who escaped from the country during the treacheries, and who succeeded in bringing to the United States some photographs of the places where the cruelties were perpetrated. These views have been secured by The National, and will appear exclusively in the April and May issues as illustrations for descriptive articles on the Armenian situation.

The second prominent article to appear in the April table of contents, is the opening one of a series by Edward Everett Hale, under the title "Some Recollections of the Century." Few men today are so well qualified to give their reminiscences of our striking personalities and significant movements of the past four-score and ten years as Dr. Hale. With most of them he has been closely identified, with all of them he is thoroughly conversant. His papers that are to appear in The National will reach as wide a circle of readers as the books which have already made his name familiar in every home from one end of the country to the other.

Mr. C. Lothrop Higgins, late designer with L. D. Walker, and Mme. Warren of Denver, respectfully announces through this medium his sale, without reserve, of some exceptionally stylish models and patent hats all trimmed at his chambers, 7 Temple place, Boston. Mr. Higgins as a successful designer in things of this nature, is too well-known among millinery patrons to require a further introduction.

The great Florida winter resorts at St. Augustine, Ormond, Palm Beach, Miami and the famous orange groves of the Indian River and Lake Worth region, are reached from Jacksonville by the East Coast Railway, than which there is no more admirably operated nor completely appointed line in the country. This line has the unique reputation of reaching the farthest South of any railway in the United States.

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There is no better train service in the country than that between Boston and New York. You go to sleep in your berth in Boston at eleven o'clock in the evening, and you wake in the Grand Central Station at New York, the next morning, having spent the whole evening previous in Boston, had a good night's sleep and arrived in New York again, ready for breakfast and a good day's work. It's just the same the other way. Business men, who, after a hard day's work in this city, can take in the opera, the horse show, the theatres or spend the evening in some other way suited to their tastes, take the train at 11 o'clock and wake up in Boston. No time lost, and no weary journey. Another popular train on the Boston & Albany is the 4 P.M. train, which leaves either city at an hour when business is practically over, and lands its passengers in the other city at 10 P.M. This train has a splendid dining car service where a table d'hôte dinner is served, which is equal to those at first-class hotels. This train is well patronized by business men and tourists. Then there are other through trains at 9 A.M. and 12 M., which are also favorites with travelers between the two cities. When you go to Boston take the Boston & Albany via Springfield.

# ADVERTISEMENTS

## MUSIC AND MEDICINE! EXTRAORDINARY . . . OFFER!

### "RUN DOWN"

Is the expression universally applied to the condition in which spring commonly finds us—when we are without energy, without appetite, and without strength. The figure of speech implies that we need something to set us going again. The uncoiled mainspring will not coil itself; the watch must be wound. To wind the watch there must be a key—a key made to fit the watch. The human system is like the watch; it won't wind itself. The mainspring of this system is the blood—"for the blood is the life," and to re-coil that mainspring, to put into it anew the power that moves and works, there must be an equivalent to the watch-key. What the "run-down" system needs in the spring is that there shall be put back into the blood the vital elements that have been taken out of it. You can do that, or you can take a long rest; do nothing but loaf, diet yourself and take proper exercise. You can do it—if you can spare the time. The farmer understands the philosophy of this. In old times farmers used to give their land a rest, one year in seven; just let it lie idle, and let nature's chemistry restore the elements that had gone into grains and roots. Then somebody discovered that different crops were made out of different chemicals, and by rotation of crops you could work land all the time. Then to this the farmer adds the use of fertilizers, which put back into the land the chemicals taken out in last year's crop of wheat, corn, or potatoes. That's the way with the blood. You can rest, or you can put back into it the elements you have used up in the season's labor.

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To this valuable book of music we have added Pratt's Chart of Chords for the Piano and Organ. By using this chart, any one can learn to play accompaniments with ease. The same result is accomplished by the use of this chart as would be achieved if a piano or organ were specially prepared, and the white keys themselves told the player when to strike them.

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"Ah!" you say, "there's where the catch comes in." No. There's no catch. That "and" only stands for the conditions under which we agree to furnish the music. **Read these conditions carefully.** We offer this volume of music, containing 128 pages, and including the choicest selections of copyrighted vocal and instrumental music, and we guarantee the book to have sewed binding, so that it will lie open on the rack, and to be about 10 1/2 x 13 inches in size. To this book we add Pratt's Chart of Chords for the Piano and Organ, enabling anyone to play accompaniments to any music, and we will send Book and Chart on these terms:

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## WITH THE PUBLISHER



Those old Colonial rooms with their comfortable proportions and their air of substantiality

Despite the fact that our grandparents of the Colonial days lived without a goodly number of our so-called "modern blessings," yet they were able to boast of something which we, until lately, have been lacking, and that is—beautiful homes. There was an air of quiet grandeur about those old colonial rooms with their impressive squareness and comfortable proportions, and there was an aspect of substantiality and richness about the honest furniture and the heavy furnishings which we Moderns

have never quite been able to duplicate. But we are fast succeeding. After a generation's trial of a sundry number of new styles, American, English, Louis XVI., Japanese, Turkish, and so forth, we have come to the conclusion that it is the colonial after all that stands best for beauty, comfort, convenience and durability. No greater agency has been operative in this progress backwards, if it may be so termed, this reviving of the spirit of colonial times, than the furnishing decorators who in their business have learned so well to combine the old and the new, the things of yesterday with the things of today. The Lee L. Powers Company of Boston is a case in point. They have become authoritative in all that pertains to old-fashioned interior embellishments. Furniture, fabrics and wall papers are reproduced with so accurate a fidelity to the antique, that in our town and country houses of today we have wedded in harmony to our modern styles, the quaint beauty and solidity of the colonial days. And so admirably is this accomplished, and at a comparatively no greater expense, that the lack of the beautiful in our homes today amounts to almost an unpardonable omission.



Interior embellishments so accurate in their reproduction of the antique



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## A SUBSCRIPTION ANNOUNCEMENT



Persons beginning their subscription to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE with January, will be entitled to the November and December numbers. This will enable them to have complete the entire "Christ and His Time" article which began in the November issue.

Persons desiring to take advantage of this offer should so designate in their subscription.

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# ADVERTISEMENTS

## CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S LIBRARY

LAST month we were able to commend, without reservation, the general design, method, and scope of Charles Dudley Warner's new "Library of the World's Best Literature."

We found that it made good its name; that it did, in fact, take the place of whole libraries of scattered volumes, and put the reader in possession of the best of all that has been written, in every age and country, since writing began.

In looking through the biographies of authors, which have been prepared by over three hundred American and European scholars and critics, one is delighted with many pleasant bits of information, in strong contrast to the dry biographical sketches of the encyclopedias. Aristotle, for instance, as the latter treat him, is dull enough, but in the "Library" Prof. Thomas W. Davidson re-creates him into a man—one who, if you cut him, would bleed, and one who led a life of real incidents it is a pleasure to read about. Your interest in Aristotle himself becomes warm, and then there is laid before you the best that survives to us of his writings, including his noble "Hymn to Virtue." Thus, in scarcely an hour's reading, and reading, too, of the most interesting kind, we make an acquaintance quite sufficient for all the needs of general culture with one of the master-spirits of the world.

But if Aristotle seems pretty far away we come (quite at random) to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, of whom we all know something. A sketch of but three pages gives us a complete and vivid impression of the man, and fixes for us his place in literature. Some thirty pages more supply us with excellent specimens of his stories and thirteen of his choicest poems in full. We doubt if one could anywhere gain a juster notion of the man and his writings than is here presented.

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with typical letters of each, and the famous "Vesper Hymn" of Abélard. The very next subject, Edmond About, transports us to the latter half of the nineteenth century. Then follows a chapter on Accadian-Babylonian and Assyrian literature, the oldest in the world, with an account of the most recent discoveries at Babylon. The turn of a leaf brings us back from old half-buried Assyria to new America, presented in the person of one of its noblest and most gifted dames, Abigail Adams. Other Adamses follow, until finally we have Sarah Flower Adams, who wrote "Nearer my God to Thee." Then we come to Addison, from whose pen language flowed in its freest and most genial phrases; Æschines the famous orator of the Greeks; Æschylus, the greatest of the Greek tragic poets; Agassiz, our greatest naturalist; Grace Aguilar; William Harrison Ainsworth; Mark Akenside; Louisa M. Alcott; Alfonso the Wise; Alfred the Great; James Lane Allen, the laureate of the "blue-grass" region; and Hans Christian Andersen—all fully represented by their highest and best efforts in essay, oratory, song, or story.

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These introductory sets are distributed through the Harper's Weekly Club, which will close in March, but we have made a reservation of fifty of these sets for NATIONAL readers, as we did last month, and these sets can be had by making prompt application to the Club, at 91 Fifth Avenue, New York. Sample pages (and special prices) will be sent on request.



## ANNOUNCEMENT

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE is now publishing in its current numbers what is likely to prove the Most Remarkable Magazine Serial of the Year, entitled

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\*\*\*\*\*

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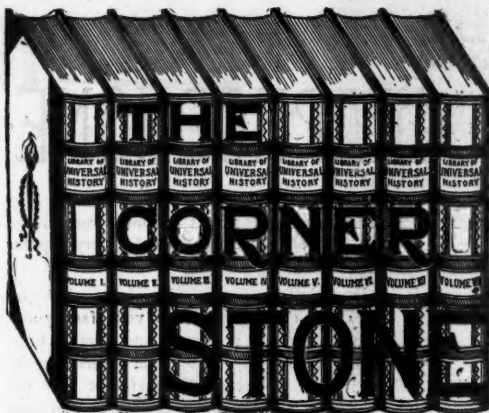
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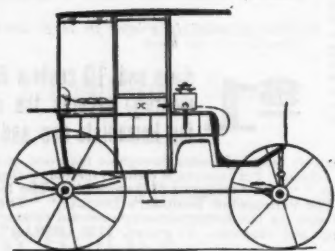
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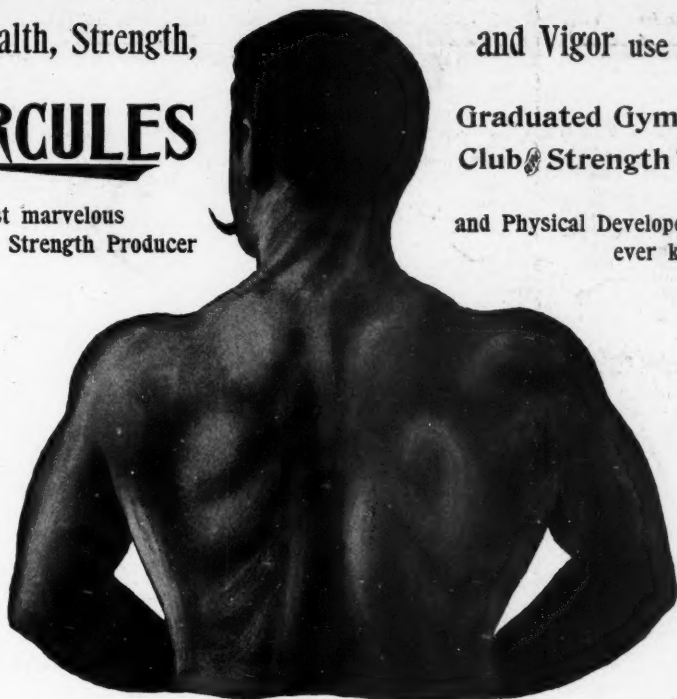
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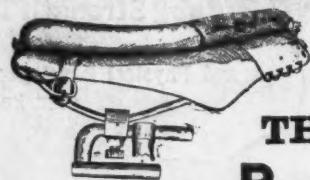
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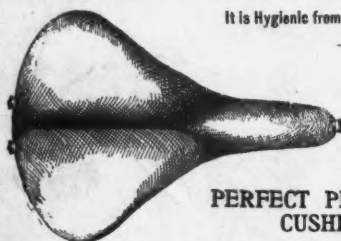
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